THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XV. NO. 30. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1896.—FIFTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

NATIONAL CONVENTION

Of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America Held at Detroit, Mich., Under the Most Favorable Auspices Last Week.

Eloquent and Patriotic Sermon by the National Chaplain of the Order, the Rt.-Rev. Bishop Foley, at Pontifical High Mass.

Speeches by President O'Connor and Other Leading Members of the Organization—The Contribution for the Gaelic Chair at the Catholic University Completed.

Most of the National Officers Re-Elected Without Opposition.

The beautiful city of Detroit was the centre of Hibernianism on our continent during the seven days from the 12th to the 18th inst. The A. O. H. fairly stormed the town, and splendid as the hotel accommodation was, it was overtaxed by the multitude who arrived by many excursion trains which brought thousands of visitors from both sides of the border during the eventful week. Monday was a busy day for the excellent Committee of Arrangements, who accomplished herculean labors in disposing of all arrivals in locations suitable to their tastes. Brother John McLaughlin, State President of the Michigan A. O.H., was the urbane host of thronging guests who flocked to him for information on all matters from the hour of opening the Convention, date of parade, to the location of a barber shop or the extortion of a bootblack. Detroit A. O. H. did wonders. Not even Chicago can outdo them in their splendid efforts and magnificent results. I cannot too heartily congratulate our genial brothers of the Straits, and am at a loss for words to adequately describe the estimate I, as well as all other visitors, placed on their achievements. I can only echo the worthy dominie, and exclaim, "Prodigious."

The clouds which darkened Monday rolled away during the night, and Tuesday's brilliant sun warmed every heart with the promise of pleasant weather during the visitors' sojourn in the city. The depots were still swarming with late arrivals who came from the far Western and Southern States to join in the councils of the old Society. Happy greetings of friends, parted since the gathering of the clans in Omaha in '94, brought groups together before each caravansary, on every lobby of which the National officers and prominent leaders of the Order held informal receptions as the heads of the various delegations came to tender their good wishes. National President O'Connor was happy in the knowledge that universal expression of good opinion of his administration, and admiration for his plucky collection of the Gaelic chair fund, was heard on every side. The veteran secretary, M. J. Slattery, was surrounded by a host of war horses, who had been with him at National conventions for twenty years past, and who rejoiced in the fact that the Dread Reaper had spared so many of their number to work in the cause.

Frank J. Killeen, P. J. Carey, and W. J. Candee, of the New York delegation, were the leaders of the young element among the eastern arrivals, and gifted with rare qualities of eloquence and energy they sustained their home reputation with added honor. The Ohioans rallied around Brothers Mooney, Madigan and Barry, who were foremost among the independent youths of the Buckeye State, whose brain, intelligence and wit predict permanent peace in the new generation of Hibernians in whose custody will be placed the future work and progress of the Organization. In touch with modern ideas their energy will be felt in the growth of the Organization in Ohio. From the hills of Montana came Brothers O'Meara, Donoghue and Sullivan, whose earnest pleadings for recognition of the West, joined with the eloquence of Rev. Father Walsh of Nebraska, were successful, as the elections proved, in winning from the East a director on the National Board. Indiana came in force with promised victory on their brows, and "Burns for Director" as their war cry. The Hoosiers smiled with complacency when they noted the slim number of their neighbors from Illinois, not half what the Prairie State was entitled to. The refrain, "Our glorious commonwealth, the old Bay State," was sung in every possible chromatic note by the hustlers from the home of beans and culture. They only desired the next Convention, and promised to eat up all the officers in '98 if the dainty morsel was accorded them. In minced speech the possible hospitality held forth, and viewed by the delegates "as in a glass darkly," but with a confidence worthy of a man eating "stewed hare," the Convention took the Bostonians at their word.

Pennsylvania, with its large representation, stood around waiting for the Convention to open, and an opportunity to vote like dutiful sons of the Keystone State, forming with its allies from New York, Ohio and Massachusetts a basis of nearly 150 votes for its favorites in any event that might need their services. From the Southern States, the great North-west and far South-west came small representation, limited through the expense of traveling and smallness of membership. Texas, in the person of Brother Conroy, was genially championed, while in Brothers Shaughnessy and the veteran McCarthy, Minnesota proved the progress and sturdiness of Hibernian ideas, notwithstanding the aggressiveness of the Northern men.

The approaching 1 o'clock soon caused the groups to scatter and the delegates to gather in the splendid Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, where pontifical high mass was sung, the Rt.-Rev. Bishop Foley officiating, assisted by Father Savage of Detroit, Father Slattery of Albany, N. Y.; Father Doherty of Detroit, Father Quinn of Collinsville, Conn.; Very Rev. Father Dempsey and Father Kessler. The Right Rev. Monsignor Joos, Very Rev. Chancellor Baumgartner, Father Hennessy, Father Nacy, Father Murphy, Father Cushnahan and other clergymen were also present within the sanctuary. The pews were filled to overflowing, and the aisles and vestibule proved insufficient to accommodate the congregation which crowded to hear the address expected from the lips of the respected Bishop Foley, National Chaplain of the Order. Towards the close of mass, just before the benediction, the Right Rev. prelate, costumed in the splendid robes of his holy office, advanced to the communion rails, and in a clear musical voice spoke to the hushed gathering as follows:

P. J. O'CONNOR.
National President.

"Brethern of the ancient Order of Hibernians, we are instructed by our holy faith, in all undertakings, great or small, important or insignificant, to make a commencement with the offering of a Holy Oblation for the honor and glory of the good God who has endowed us with whatever we possess. Hence in accordance pith the dictation of our faith, the first act of the Convention of the ancient Order of Hibernians is to gather round the altar of the living God to seek an outpouring of his spirit upon its deliberations, and to invoke a blessing upon its works. For we are members of an organization which is entirely composed of natives of Ireland or of descendants of such; and the most striking characteristic or mark of an Irishman is his lively and undying devotion to the principles of his faith. We ask this blessing, as members united for a good work. What as individuals we may fail to complete, by union and organization we try to accomplish. A single drop of water is but a little matter, but millions combined form a mighty ocean. So bound by ties of "Friendship, Union and True Charity" we have formed an organization which spreads and whose influence is felt from one end of this great republic of freedom to the other. The Irish or Irish descendants are gathered from every quarter, and their motives and objects are known to every one to be Union, Friendship and True Christian Charity. It is Union that binds us all in the love of our native land, or for the land of our ancestors; nor does it detract from the love we ought to have for the country of our adoption, that glorious country in which the rights of citizenship are free and equal to all. If we live up to the principles of the Order, and carry out the spirit of the clear rules that have been laid down for our direction, the organization must be a grand success.

"The friendship we aim at is that model Christian virtue, by which next to our duty to our God, we love our neighbor as ourselves.

"True Christian charity is the last mentioned work of our Constitution, and has been defined by our Blessed Lord as the 'whole law and the prophets.' In these then should we enter on our duties, in 'Friendship, Union and True Charity.'

"To the National Chaplain and Bishop of Detroit there was still another duty, and it was to extend a hearty and sincere and loving welcome to the delegates. It was an honor to receive them, and if the welcome were not as full as could be desired, believe me it will not be for want of heart, but from want of opportunity, occasioned by the shortness of the time during which the convention will remain in the city."

The Bishop then bestowed his episcopal benediction, and the congregation dispersed. The ladies had some little time to spare before they were required to meet for official business in the Cowie building, on Gratiot avenue. The masculine delegates, however, were not so fortunate, and in a body they wended their way towards the Catholic Club, where great preparations had been made in the auditorium for the formal opening of the business of the convention.

The splendid rooms of the Catholic club were filled by the delegates after mass, who were loud in their praises of the accomodations made for the convenience of the visitors. The ball-room of the club was set apart for the seating of the delegates, all necessary arrangements for holding the convention, location of delegates, committee rooms, etc., having been made with excellent taste and convenience. After each State had found its proper place, and the members were settled in their places, from a group of notables on the platform, advanced the prominent Michigander, State President John McLaughlin, whose splendid management had contributed so much to the occasion, and with earnest raps on the reading desk soon quieted the bustling audience. With a smile of greeting and in a happy tone the worthy host spoke as follows:

"It is my pleasant duty to welcome to our beautiful city the delegates to this, the fortieth National, convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. We, Detroiters, you are aware, are proverbially modest in blowing our own trumpets, and consequently we are not so well known over the land as the beauty of our metropolis and its manifold advantages warrant. I have no doubt but that even among this enlightened assembly there are some who are ignorant of the name of the magnificent stream that flows by our doors, and no wonder, for even a learned senator of the United States gravely alluded to Detroit as 'Nestling on the shores of Lake Michigan.' But to be brief, we are a city of over three hundred thousand souls. We are nearly two hundred years old. Our commercial interests are second to no city of equal size in the Union. As a manufacturing centre we stand in the front rank. We take the lead in the stove, chemical, varnish and building industries. Upon the bosom of our beautiful river is borne a tonnage during the seven months of navigation, many times greater than the combined entries and clearances of the ports of New York and Liverpool. Our streets are broad, clean, well paved and shaded by beautiful trees. Our residences are not so crowded together that the privacy of family life is destroyed, and in the middle of our river, easily accessible to all, both by ferry and bridge, is one of the handsomest parks in the world, looking like an emerald set in sapphire.

JOHN C. WEADOCK.
National Vice-President.

"We pride ourselves on the fact that the young ladies of this fair city are the prettiest and wittiest to be found—and particularly so the ladies of our auxiliaries—and I warn the bachelors among our delegates to be on their guard against Cupid's darts while among us, and in this connection I would say that I consider the organization of the Ladies' Auxiliary, of this noble Order, a wise move on our part, and while no race in the world holds woman in higher esteem than the Irish, yet we sometimes have been lacking on public occasions in that fine appreciation of their aid, sympathy and companionship that should characterize a highly civilized people.

"I must not forget to mention that our city is the Episcopal See of the Rt.-Rev. John S. Foley, our National Chaplain, than whom there breathes not a more patriotic American, nor a more zealous bishop on God's green footstool. He is the Irishman's beau-ideal of the 'Soggarth Aroon.'

"Last Saturday we celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the evacuation of the city by the British. You will see at the left entrance to our federal building on Fort street, a bronze tablet commemorating the event. In conclusion, brothers, our latch-strings are out to you during your visit to Detroit, and I welcome you to the home of Pingree—three-cent street car fares and the free potato patch."

Mr. McLoughlin then introduced to the convention National President P. J. O'Connor, of Savannah, Ga., who was warmly received by the delegates. After a few words of thanks from the president, for the cordial greeting given him, the convention adjourned for dinner.

At 2 o'clock the convention hall again filled, and the National President, Hon. P. J. O'Connor, of Georgia, called the members to order, the first business being the appointment of the committee on credentials. After a short recess the chairman of the committee, Brother T. W. Reilly, of Wisconsin, reported 415 delegates entitled to seats.

State President McLaughlin then distributed the beautiful badges, provided by the committee of arrangements, and announced that the Rt-Rev. the Bishop of Detroit invited all to be present at a reception to be given in the Catholic club rooms at 8 o'clock that evening. The invitation was accepted in choice terms by the National President, after which the convention adjourned until the following morning.

At the appointed hour in the evening the delegates assembled in the beautifully furnished club rooms, accompanied by their lady friends, and the representatives of the Ladies' Auxiliaries from the different states. The function started about 8:30 p. m., and the Bishop was assisted in his arduous task by the following officers of the A. O. H.: Messrs. P. J. O'Connor, N. P.; John C. Weadock, N. V. P.; M. J. Slattery, N. S.; Thomas J. Dundon, N. T., and State President McLoughlin. The Bishop had a word of welcome for each and every delegate presented to him, and every one retired from the reception evidently pleased thereat and satisfied with the cordiality of the Bishop. The reception parlors were well filled, and an ever moving line passed before the bishop to pay their dutiful respects to him. Upstairs, and in a room facing the convention hall, light refreshments of a tempting description were dispensed under the superintendence of the genial Tom Swan, and added materially to counteract the excessive warmth of the reception parlors. The special committee in charge of the proceedings comprised the following gentlemen: Messrs. Gerald J. McCoy, Patrick Dee, John W. Drury, Martin J. Tiffany, James Guinan, Martin J. Maloney, M. P. Barden, Frank C. Cook, William Blake and Patrick O'Neill, and each member of the committee discharged his duty in a most efficient and courteous manner.

The splendid music added much to the enjoyment of the evening, and was rendered by the band of the United States Infantry. The scene was a pretty one, to which, unfortunately, my blunt pen cannot do justice. Still even my inartistic eye could be impressed by the charming contrast between the bright colors of the ladies' dresses and the sombre upholstering with which the club was furnished. The stalwart forms of the sons of the Gael who bent in chivalrous reverence over their pretty partners, were somewhat foils to the quiet demeanor of the reverend fathers who, as members of the A. O. H., had come with delegations from nearly every state. The merry musical Irish laugh evoked by the wit-pointed repartee, the Celtic "bonhomie" and gentlemanly good fellowship, which attracted and inspired, lent a charm to the gathering which spoke louder than words of the Nation whose spirit filled the souls of host and guests. Such an evening it was as must have gladdened our people in the palmy days of O'Neill or Tyrconnell, or gilded the happy era, alas, too short, which followed 1782. In the lingering good night one detected a regret that the hours were so short, and it was a tribute to the kindly nature and noble hospitality of the priest and chieftain, Brother Bishop Foley, National Chaplain of the Order.

WEDNESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock the National President again called the Convention to order, and called for the report of the committees. The rules governing the last convention were adopted on the motion of the chairman of the committee on same, Thomas Walsh of Nebraska. Before the report of the officers could be called for the Right-Rev. Bishop Foley arrived and was conducted to a seat on the platform, amid a manifestation of great enthusiasm among the delegates. When order was restored, reports of officers were called for, and with the silver gavel in his hand, presented to him two years ago at Omaha, the National President, P. J. O'Connor, rose to give an account of his stewardship. The document was one of the most important ever read before the Ancient Order from a practical point of view, and from a literary and patriotic standpoint it was the most admirable ever submitted for consideration. Through every line spoke the scholar and the patriot, in every sentence the leader and the true Hibernian. In short it was a magnificent effort, eloquently delivered, which time and time again was greeted with cheers. The president referred to the honor he felt in presiding over such a body, and said that it gave him great pleasure to dwell on the healthful condition of the Order, especially the great gain in membership during the past two years, 169 divisions and 25 companies of Hibernian Rifles having been added. In addition to this was the fact that it had not been found necessary to levy a national assessment, there being a comfortable balance in the treasury. There were words of good cheer for the ladies' auxiliaries, the helpmates of the Order, and reference was also made to the secession of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Board of Erin, the faction which withdrew because the conventions were not given to New York permanently. Efforts were made to bring them back into the fold, and a conference was held for that purpose, but though unsuccessful, the president believed they would be back before another convention was held. He also suggested that steps be taken to compile a proper history of the Order, there being none at present. Continuing, he said:

JAMES O'SULLIVAN.
National Secretary.

"Our Society is dedicated to St Patrick, the holy patron saint of Ireland, who bore in one hand the torch of christianity shedding the light of heaven and in the other the torch of culture and truth, enlightening the mind of man. His memory will always be as green in our hearts as the beautiful verdure that clothes the soil of the Emerald Isle. Our society will always cherish and perpetuate the recollections of the old land and keep its traditions from becoming extinct. We recall with pride that amid all her countless vicissitudes and mutations of fortune she has never despaired. The patriotism of her sons is the essence that has given vitality to her. His spirit is as fresh today as when Sarsfield led the forlorn hope in the trenches at Limerick, and as fresh as when Emmet stood undaunted in the face of death, confronting Norbury in the dock at Dublin. The Irish people have been as true to their altars and firesides as the needle to the pole. Proof against all the threats of brute force or the blandishments of royal patronage, they hurled back defiance at their enemy and never have accepted and never will accept the situation. No compromise can be made with fraud and spoilation. No concession will answer short of ample restitution of the legalized plunder of ages and of Ireland's birthright, her freedom. The day of that devoutly wished for consummation may be deferred, but ultimately it must come. As Thomas Davis has well said, "The spirit of a nation never dies." The members of our patriotic brotherhood will do everything in their power to cause sorrow's cloud, which has hung over her destinies for centuries, ere long to sink beneath the gorgeous sunburst of freedom and independence.

"An organization, clearly anti-American and foreign in its origin, exists in this country, whose object is to put a large class of good and true native Americans under the ban of civil proscription. One of its main purposes is not that Americans shall rule America, but that those of the Catholic faith, though good Americans, shall be ruled by the rest. Its members take a solemn oath never to vote for a Roman Catholic for any office of profit or trust. They thus set up a religious test in qualification for office, against the following words of the constitution of the United States, to-wit: 'But no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.' That organization is therefore not only at war with the fundamental law of the Union, but its ultimate purpose is to promote internal dissensions among our people and bring republican institutions into contempt by showing that they are powerless for the protection of civil and religious liberty. It can be said of it as it was said of its predecessor, that it is not an open and manly rebellion, but a secret and covert attempt to undermine the very corner-stone of the temple of our liberties. I confidently believe that the overwhelming majority of the American people are satisfied with their present form of government and have no intention of changing it to suit enemies abroad or bigots at home. Our members will always join with other true Americans in opposing the formation or perpetuation of any society which undertakes to deny to any American citizen his full share of civil and political liberty simply on account of racial origin or religious belief. The men engaged in this bitter warfare against Catholics ignore the fact that this country was discovered under the auspices of the Catholic church by the Catholic Columbus.

"If the names of Catholics generally and Irish Catholics in particular who have dignified and decorated the annals of American history were to be erased from the record, how much of the glory of our country would be subtracted? On that imperishable roll of honor, the Declaration of Independence, we find their names, and there was no battle field from the St. Lawrence to the Savannah but was enriched with their blood, shed in the cause of civil and religious liberty. History records in letters of gold, down to date, that they have died for this country, but have never betrayed it. Every man, no matter whence he comes, in what land he was born, or under what government he has lived, must recognize that this government stands as the first and best for the comfort, happiness and liberty of mankind. We are all sovereigns, owe no allegiance to any man, but to the laws enacted by a majority of our fellow citizens, and when any question is raised involving the integrity of this government we will stand as a unit and be ready to sacrifice life and property to uphold it. Knownothingism had its day. It withered and fell and had a most inglorious death, and so will it be with the infamous Apaism in this free land. Men individually and collectively must control their bigotry and intolerance if they wish to live up to the spirit and enjoy the blessings of this country, vast in its proportions, terrible in its power, strong in its genius, glorious in its magnificence and in the liberty and freedom which she grants to all men. To such a country all Hibernians, sons of her soil and foster sons, alike pledge their love and loyalty in abounding pride.

THOMAS J. DUNDON.
National Treasurer.

"In view of previous experience the Omaha convention determined by a unanimous vote that the money which had been promised must be raised with which to establish in the Catholic University at Washington a chair for the perpetual teaching of the language, literature and history of our race. In pursuance thereto the national officers and directors levied an assessment upon the members, which in their judgment was necessary, therefor. Since then honest efforts have been made to collect the full amount before this convention met, but I regret to say we have not entirely succeeded. I cannot close this subject without quoting certain language of Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., of the Catholic University, who attended our last convention and was so pleased therewith that he became a member of our order, relative to the endowment of said chair, to-wit: 'When the annals of the decline and fall of the cruel British imperialism of former days shall have been written by some Gaelic Gibbon of the future, when we take up again the Irish annals where the wearied hands of the four masters dropped the pen, the name of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will be emblazoned upon one of their brightest pages. What a spectacle for the world of the power of Gaelic endurance and the mighty strength that slumbers in organized manhood, when it is flashed across the wires that over 100,000 men of Irish blood have decreed that their mother tongue shall live, and live, too, in their midst, a well-spring to all time of the holiest and highest suggestions for mankind. It will be told in the halls of Oxford and on the banks of the Seine and among the thoughtful students of the German fatherland, to whom we owe an indelible debt of gratitude for their sheltering care of our dear old tongue. It will be echoed in distant Italy and in the Eternal City itself that at last the children of the Gael are rousing themselves from the long night of slumber and preparing for new and peaceful conquests in all the provinces of thought, wherein once before they were the schoolmasters of the civilized world. But, above all, will this noble act be told in every sweet valley and on every fair hill of holy Ireland, and it will infuse fresh ardor into the brave, hard-battling people, and it will fire them with fresh respect for themselves and their cause, and teach a monumental lesson of unity, and make them feel, as few other acts could, that their brethren the wide world over are in deepest sympathy with them, and will cling, while blood flows and hearts beat, to the spiritual inheritance of the Gael—his Christian faith and his love of learning, of which so much is imbedded forever in his venerable, ancient tongue.

"I sincerely trust the delegates to this convention will labor in the spirit that should animate every true member of the Order for its highest welfare and prosperity, and that their policy be shaped and the general results formulated by the dictates of wisdom, prudence and brotherly love. I hope the time is near at hand when all those of our holy faith, of Irish birth or descent and otherwise qualified, will be working together in our noble Order for the advancement of our religion, the encouragement of our country's welfare, the promotion of the sacred cause of Irish nationality, and the spreading of our glorious and immortal principles of friendship, unity and true Christian charity."

For a moment the convention was still and the vibrant tones of the speaker lingered in sinking cadence on the warm air, then with one bound every delegate leaped on his chair and cheers re-echoed far out on the river until the sleepy custom house officer on the Canada side rubbed his eyes and muttered: "I hope they aint coming over." It was a worthy response to a noble appeal, it was a genuine outburst of honest Irish approval of a Hibernian's two years' of heart work, and every peal of applause was earned by the honored recipient, who stood bowing in embarrassment before his enthusiastic, admiring colleagues. Well may he be proud of his address. It marked a new era, and was the milestone which accentuated the progress of our grand old society in literature and culture which will gild and frame its known benevolence and patriotism.

The secretary's report showed the total receipts since the last report amounted to $1,568,192.31. The expenditures amounted to $1,024,980.86. Of the latter amount $345,768.70 was paid for sick benefits, $86,025.39 for death benefits, $11,295.95 for burying wives of members and $239,838.56 was spent for charitable purposes. The balance in the treasuries of all the divisions amounts to $345,211.45. It shows that the total membership of the Order is about 90,000, a gain of 3,290 in the past two years. During that period 1,440 members died. Pennsylvania is the banner state, with 20,718 members; Massachusetts has 15,676; New York 10,404.

Illinois coming seventh in line, which was a matter of some surprise, considering the noise its representatives were making, it was thought the Prairie State had certainly more than Massachusetts. The above figures are subject to the correction of the new National Secretary, who has promised the writer to send a complete report at an early date. I noted, however, that the deaths, suspensions and expulsions amounted to no less than 35,356, an enormous loss and worthy of careful consideration.

National Treasurer T. J. Dundon submitted his report, showing a balance of $3,847.21 in the treasury, following which, on motion, both reports were sent to the committee on finance.

Nearly the entire afternoon session was devoted to considering minor amendments to the constitution. The constitution for the Ladies' Auxiliary of the A. O. H. was also taken up and adopted. Judge Wilbere, of Philadelphia, and P. J. Carey, of Buffalo, taking occasion to eulogize the ladies for their efforts to bond themselves together in so good a cause. The constitution provides that the National President of the A. O. H. shall be the chief executive officer of the auxiliaries. No provision

[CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.]

FUSION NOT LIKELY.

THE "MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROAD" MEN BLOCK THE WAY.

Insists on Conditions That the Bryan-Indorsement Men Cannot Accept — Attempt at Compromise That Chairman Jones Sat Upon Because It Involved the Throwing Over of Sewall.

ST. LOUIS, July 21.—The Populist situation does not crystallize rapidly. The leaders are at war over the question of indorsing or nominating Bryan. Some, like ex-Governor Lewelling, Senator Allen (of Nebraska), General John B. Weaver, Captain Reuben Kolb (of Alabama), big-lunged Tom Patterson and Governor Waite (of Colorado), are earnestly striving for an indorsement of the Chicago ticket; Chairman Taubeneck, Ignatius Donnelly, Senator Butler (of North Carolina), ex-Governor Buchanan (of Tennessee) and General Coxey want to indorse Bryan under terms laid down by them, while "Cyclone" Davis (of Texas), Paul Vandervort (of Nebraska), Colonel Frank Burkett (of Mississippi) and others want to keep in "the middle of the road" and nominate an independent ticket on an independent platform.

Each faction asserts that it desires to preserve the autonomy of the party organization, and that its way is the way. Shipwrecked hopes and a bolt seem inevitable, no matter what the ultimate outcome is. The Bryan supporters claim to be the majority. They are well organized. Their leaders are shrewd and sagacious—many of them experienced politicians—in addition to which they have the open and active support of the Silver party leaders, whose convention is likely to be simply a Bryan ratification meeting, and of Senator Jones, chairman of the Democratic national committee, who is here with his lieutenants striving to this end. Their strength spreads over the entire country west of the Missouri, where the cause of silver is paramount.

Stand of the Two Chief Factions.

Many of the delegates from this section, like Lowelling, of Kansas, and Patterson, of Colorado, declare that if Bryan is not nominated or indorsed here nine-tenths of the Populists will support him and the identity of the Populist party in the west will be destroyed. The "middle-of-the road" Populists are mostly from the south, where for several years, they say, it has been "war to the knife and knife to the hilt" in their battle with the Democracy, and they have nailed their banner to the mast. They will have neither surrender nor fusion. They have captured scattering votes in the west and quite a number from the Pacific coast. In California they claim a majority of the delegation. They are extremely radical. Their headquarters at the Leclede are constantly filled with a pushing, noisy mass of people.

As to action the plans differ. Some desire a separate ticket, others are willing to accept the Chicago nominees. Yesterday there was a movement in favor of a division of the ticket, Bryan to head it and some Populist, preferably from the south, to be his running mate. All these plans are more or less impracticable, as they would create complications which would be hard to straighten out before the campaign could begin. Chairman Jones has indignantly rejected the proposition to throw Sewall overboard, and the Bryan supporters in the Populist party take a positive position in opposition to it; but it is thought that a division of electors in some of the states—like North Carolina, Nebraska, Minnesota and Texas—could be arranged by the state committees, which alone would have the power to enter into into any agreement.

MARK HANNA VISITS CHICAGO.

Prepares to Open the Fight Right Away—Labor Men Grinding Knives.

CHICAGO, July 21.—Mark Hanna arrived in Chicago yesterday and the national Republican headquarters are to be opened as soon as the executive committee makes up its mind as to the advantages of the various locations offered. Among those who attended a Republican conference here yesterday with Chairman Hanna were: Senator Thurston, S. W. Allerton, National Committeeman Durbin, Perry Heath, John R. Tanner, T. N. Jameson, W. E. Mason, ex-Attorney General Hunt, and others. While the nominal charge of the western committee's work will be in the hands of Hanna himself the committee which will have to do the actual work will be Payne, Durbin and Leland.

The distribution of literature throughout the west will be one of the first aims of the committee. The Republican campaign in the northwest will be opened next week in Minnesota and Nebraska with speeches by Senator Burrows and Roswell G. Horr. Just before he left for Cleveland last night Chairman Hanna said he was seriously not disturbed by the apparent growth of free silver sentiment in the western states. He does not believe it is as strong as it has been represented, but he is willing to conduct the campaign upon the idea that the silver people have as much strength as they claim.

Immediately steps to carry out the plan of attack on Henry G. Payne, manager of McKinley's western campaign, mapped out by the Trade and Labor Assembly, will be taken by the grievance committee of the assembly, which held a special meeting last night to consider the matter. Mark Hanna also came up for discussion, and the sub-committee that was appointed to go to Milwaukee and collect evidence against Payne was instructed to proceed to Cleveland and other points to gather testimony in regard to Hanna.

TELLER ISSUES HIS MANIFESTO.

States His Position and Calls for Support for Candidate Bryan.

DENVER, July 21.—Senator Teller and six of his associates who left the national Republican convention, last evening made public an address to the silver Republicans of the country, setting forth their views of the situation. The silver Republicans, congressmen and senators, have been in conference at Manitou for several days over this statement. In addition to those signing the address, Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, and Senator Cannon, of Utah, are declared to be in sympathy with it, although Senator Cannon was not present at the conference owing to business engagements in Boston.

The address first gives the reasons of the signers for supporting the Chicago nominee, which is, of course, because the Chicago convention adopted the free silver idea, and then announces that "we shall by voice and vote support Messrs. Bryan and Sewell for president and vice president, and we appeal to all citizens, and especially to Republicans who feel as we do—that gold monometallism would be of lasting injury to the country—to act with us in securing their election." * * * It is evident there is to be a union of forces on the part of the advocates and supporters of the gold standard to elect Mr. McKinley and a congress favorable to him, which will support the financial policy outlined in the Republican platform.

"To those who believe in bimetallism, which means the equal treatment of both gold and silver at the mints of the nation, there is but one course to pursue, and that is to unite all the silver forces and to oppose with all our might the candidate representing the policy which we believe is fraught with disaster to the nation and ruin to the people." A long argument against gold monometallism follows (the address would occupy two columns in full) and it is argued that the election of McKinley means gold monometallism for this country; for, it is claimed, the clause favoring international agreement in the Republican platform means nothing because international agreement is impossible.

The address closes: "We urge all friends of gold and silver as standard money and the opponents of a single gold standard to give to Bryan and Sewall their hearty support. In advising this course we do not consider it necessary that they shall abandon or surrender their political views on other questions. Profoundly impressed with the importance of the issue of this campaign for ourselves and our associates we respectfully submit the foregoing to the candid consideration of the American people."

The address as signed by the following committee: H. M. Teller, Fred T. Dubois, Lee Mantle, Charles S. Hartman, Edgar Wilson, John F. Shafroth and A. M. Stevenson.

THE "KICK" FROM WISCONSIN.

Gold Delegates to Chicago Declare the National Convention All Wrong.

MILWAUKEE, July 20.—At a conference Saturday of the Democratic delegates to the Chicago convention who refused to vote for a presidential nominee an address to the party in Wisconsin was drawn up. It recites the course pursued by the silver men in the convention, tells of the policy carried out by the Wisconsin delegates favoring a gold standard, and says: "The platform adopted by the Chicago convention is directly at variance with the doctrines which, since its creation, have been a part of the creed of the Democratic party."

"While Democracy has for nearly a century been the advocate of honest money and at all times opposed to its debasement, the Chicago convention declared in favor of compelling the citizens of the United States to receive as a dollar one-half its value in the product of a single industry. While the Democratic party has sturdily maintained that courts in which justice is administered should be above and beyond political control, the convention at Chicago adopted a resolution looking to the reconstruction of the supreme court of the United States to accomplish the reversal of its decision.

"While we condemned the use of that court in 1877 for political purposes and to accomplish the inauguration as president of a candidate not elected; while we denounced an appointment made by a Republican president to a position in that court for the purpose of reversing a decision which denied the right of the government to issue paper money in times of peace, we are asked by the resolution referred to to adopt the same methods which we have condemned in our opponents."

After going over the other objectionable planks of the platform the address concludes: "We have faith to believe that a large majority of the Democrats of Wisconsin are as much today in favor of the principles declared by our state convention as when that declaration was made. We have entire confidence that if a proper opportunity shall be afforded to that majority to express its views in a mass meeting or convention to be called at a date not far distant the true principles of Democratic faith will be again pronounced in no uncertain tone and that some way will be found by which Democrats can cast their votes in favor of a Democrat and at the same time against the protectionist nominated by the St. Louis convention and the Populist nominated by the Chicago convention.

Bryan Reaches Home.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 18.—Amidst an uproar of booming cannon, pealing church bells, screaming steam whistles, and the shouts of 20,000 people William J. Bryan, the Democratic nominee for president, entered this city last evening. It was an ovation the likes of which the people of this part of the country never before witnessed. Half the population of the city—men, women and children—was at the station to welcome him home. It was a non-partisan reception, for both Democrats and Republicans participated in it. The mayor of the city, the city council, and distinguished citizens of every political belief were at the train.

Bryan Asks for Less Correspondence.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 21.—Each day the pile of letters at the home of William J. Bryan increases in size. Instead of catching up with his correspondence the Democratic presidential candidate gets farther behind. More letters come in each day than he, his wife and his secretary can open and read. The result of this is that Bryan has asked the public to let up a little; to send all offers and suggestions for the campaign to the national committee, as well as all requests for campaign literature, and to take notice that he will discuss the issues in speeches, not letters.

Close of the Young Baptist Meet.

MILWAUKEE, July 21. — The Baptist Young People's union convention closed Sunday with an afternoon and an evening session. The principal feature of the day's work was the world's review of Baptist missions by representatives of different nations. Resolutions were adopted sympathizing with the Cubans in their prolonged persecutions, protesting against the Armenian outrages, and praying that the utmost liberty may be granted to all men of all nationalities and all creeds and that despotism and false faiths may be counted among the things of the past. The secularization of the Sabbath was deplored and all attempts to use the Lord's day for business or pleasure was discountenanced.

Fire Among Diamond Matches.

CHICAGO, July 21. — Two explosions, followed by a rush of flame through the Diamond Match company building, 54 and 56 Michigan avenue, at 3:15 o'clock this morning threatened destruction to the structure. The loss is about $100,000.

GOT THEM AT LAST.

The Police of Chicago Capture the Bold Gang of Bandits.

CHICAGO, July 20.—At last the police of this city have run down and captured the bold thugs who for three months have been terrorizing the people and baffling the officers. The gang was also connected with the robbery of Christopher Schrage, an old German, who was robbed of over $50,000 in bonds, mortgages and other property at 711 South Jefferson street last spring, and the police have recovered part of the "swag." Saturday at 1 a. m. a couple of detectives from Chicago captured at Detroit Michael Monahan and James Williams, alias James Dempsey. Seven hours later in the same city the same two policemen arrested John Orme, alias William Milton. This John Orme is the leader of the criminals who have plundered the city since March. He is the "long man" so many people met with great financial loss to themselves, and the man who devised and planned the crimes for which the Chicago police have now under arrest every guilty person but Jesse Thames.

Monahan and Williams, arrested with Orme in Detroit, are boon companions of his, associates in the robberies which he planned and carried out in Chicago. The three men are graduates of the Pontiac reformatory and have been free on the parole system. They are members of a secret society organized by Orme last year while in Pontiac, and whose object was robbery. The rules of this organization provide death as the penalty for any member who betrays a comrade, and include the laying aside of a fund from the proceeds of robberies for the legal defense of any one in the society caught by the police. Every arrangement had been made for the robbery at noon of the Stevenson Valve company's works at Detroit, and but for the appearance of the Chicago police, the robbery would have taken place, almost precisely in the same manner as the New York Biscuit company was robbed in Chicago a week ago last Saturday.

While the police department was doing this good work in Detroit there was some equally good work being done in this city, and detectives were running down and bringing to the station the men known or suspected of having robbed Christopher Schrage, 711 Jefferson street, on the night of March 25 last. The men arrested were: Edward H. Smith, proprietor of the road house at Fifty-first street and Cottage Grove avenue; Alfred alias "Sleepy" Burke, Joseph Gordon, John McLean and Chris Topher Strook, alias "Red Chris." Three other men interested in this Schrage case, and badly wanted by the police, temporarily got away. From what can be ascertained of Smith it does not look like a good case against him. His reputation is good and he claims that his connection with the case was simply the purchase of some of the bonds which he did openly, having taken first the advice of a bank.

A week ago the police rounded up "Red" Sullivan and some others whom they had suspected of the deviltry that has kept Chicago in a trouble for so many months. Sullivan is the friend of Orme and was with him in the robbery of the New York Biscuit company. He also has been intimate with "Sleepy" Burke. Saturday night a week Sullivan shot Police Sergeant Sauer. This was ten hours after he had robbed the New York Biscuit company. He was a member of the criminal secret society which Orme had organized. This man Sullivan is reported to have told the whole story. Then "Sleepy" Burke supplied some information and finally the police had a perfect case.

It was from Burke that the facts about the Schrage robbery were obtained. He told where part of the bonds and other valuables could be found, and in all some $27,000 of the $50,000 stolen is now in the possession of the police. Smith is stated to have had $21,000 of the bonds and that is what got him into trouble. One suspect knows where some of the remainder is, but so far he has refused to admit the charge. There are half a dozen suspected accomplices of the gang whose connection may never be made plain or receive its due punishment.

DEAD IN HIS TENT.

William E. Russell of Massachusetts Called Very Suddenly.

BOSTON, July 17.—"Ex-Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, was found dead this morning in his fishing camp at St. Adelaide, near Grand Pabos, Quebec. It appears that the people who accompanied ex-Governor Russell were his brother and F. Peabody, from Boston. Their camp was near the Little Pabos river, where they had been fishing all day yesterday, when the ex-governor seemed in the very best of health. The tent in which they slept was divided into two compartments, and as the ex-governor slept alone the others never knew that he was dead till late this morning when they thought it was time to awaken him." This was the news received from Quebec yesterday in this city and it was heard with almost absolute incredulity on the streets. Even members of the law firm with which he was associated refused to look upon the matter seriously when asked if they were able to verify the rumor of the ex-governor's death.

It was not until after the press wires had been busy for some time that verification of the sad news was obtained and there was no further hope that the story was unfounded. The most that could be learned here until late yesterday afternoon was contained in the following telegram to Mr. Joseph B. Russell, brother of the ex-governor, signed by Colonel Harry E. Russell: "Will found dead in bed this morning. Death painless. Probably heart disease. Start for Boston at once." Mr. Russell was in Canada by invitation of Mr. R. F. Dutton, of Boston, for the purpose of rest.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., July 21.—Ex-Governor Russell was buried here yesterday. The body was viewed by a multitude before the church services and the church was crowded, among those present being President Cleveland.

THE DEATH RECORD.

JOHN CAMERON SIMONDS, well-known Chicago lawyer, at New York.

Rev. MARION ROSE, well-known Methodists minister, at Virginia, Ills.

CHARLES S. FARIS, old newspaper man, at Kansas City, Kan.

Mrs. ELIZABETH HUMPHREY, mother of the ex-governor, at Independence, Kan.

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON, artist and author, at New York.

General JOSHUA K. SIEGFRIED, at Pottsville, Pa.

ELISHA BURDICK, a pioneer resident of Madison, Wis.

WILL J. MCANARNEY, a well known young politician of Rockford, Ills.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

TEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

CAMP LINCOLN, SPRINGFIELD, July 18.—Governor Altgeld, accompanied by ten members of his staff, was escorted yesterday from the executive mansion to Camp Lincoln, where he dined with his adjutant general and a number of ladies in general headquarters. Brigadier General Andrew Welch, of Aurora, commanding the Third brigade, was a guest of honor.

The governor reviewed the First brigade at 2 o'clock. He is not well and left last night on a late train for Chicago to attend the funeral of his cousin and law partner, John W. Lanehart. The First brigade broke camp early this morning and should be in Chicago soon after noon. The Second brigade will come into camp under command of Brigadier General James H. Barkley within a few hours after the departure of the First.

DASTARD'S DOINGS AT ROCKFORD.

Kills His Wife and Tries to Kill Two Citizens and Himself.

ROCKFORD, Ills., July 20. — James French, a tailor, murdered his wife yesterday afternoon, chasing her from Winnebago street into O. R. Gorman's residence, where he shot her eight times, and also attempted to kill Alfred Barker and County Clerk Norton, neighbors, who ran in to save her. Neither of the latter two were seriously injured. French then ran to the river, five blocks away, pursued by several hundred citizens, shot himself in the head and jumped into the water. The police got him out before he drowned. He may live. He was jealous.

Somebody Poisoned the Well.

EUREKA, Ill., July 17.—What appears to have been a dastardly attempt to poison an entire family has just come to light in this city. Some two weeks ago Louis Sharrick and family went to Decatur to visit. They returned Tuesday afternoon, and before they had been home many hours they discovered some green substance on the pump of their well. Investigation proved that it was poison. Fortunately none of the water had been drank, but as some of the water had been used for cooking purposes it was necessary that all the food should be thrown away. They have no idea who put the poison in the well.

Malicious Destruction.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., July 20.—Great excitement and indignation exists in the vicinity of Lexington, this county. At midnight a thrashing machine outfit, valued at $1,000, owned by John Fair, on the Mahon farm, was destroyed by fire, undoubtedly of incendiary origin. The machine had been sprinkled with oil. Threats have recently been made to destroy the numerous machines recently sold into that territory. The owner of the machine has offered a reward of $250 and the agent of a machine firm $25 for the apprehension of the incendiary.

Deed of a Degenerate at Kingston.

QUINCY, Ills., July 20.—Archibald Askew shot Arthur Callahan three times and then killed himself at Kingston, south of this place, Saturday night. Askew's daughter was stopping at Callahan's house and there was a quarrel over the way she had been treated. Askew called at Callahan's house and abused the girl. When Callahan remonstrated, Askew drew a revolver and shot a bullet through Callahan's head. He then sat down on the porch and asked Callahan's forgiveness. When this was refused Askew put his pistol to his head and blew out his brains.

Bright Young Man, This.

KINMUNDY, Ills., July 20.—A fight which came near ending fatally for one of the parties took place at the home of Clabe Cockrell, just east of town. Cockrell's two sons, Charles and Roscoe, aged respectively 17 and 19, became involved in a quarrel as to which one would ride to town in a buggy with their uncle, Vard Cockrell. The younger brother used his knife very freely, cutting a number of dangerous gashes in Roscoe's back. Physicians pronounce his case a dangerous one.

Died While Making His Will.

GALESBURG, Ills., July 18.—William Colloppy, an eccentric rich Irish citizen living near this city, died suddenly Friday noon while his attorney was drawing up his will. He had not been feeling well for some time, but Friday seemed better than usual. The attorney while writing heard him sigh, and turning saw that he was dying. Mr. Colloppy was an old settler.

Heavy Rain-Fall in Illinois.

CENTRALIA, July 21.—The heaviest rainfall ever experienced in this locality was that of Sunday night. All streams are out of their banks, and damage to property and crops is widespread. A passenger train struck a washout east of here and a passenger coach was turned over. A tramp riding on the platform was killed.

New Kind of Potato Bug.

ELGIN, Ills., July 18.—A new potato bug, a large, long, black creature said to be from Kansas, has appeared here, and is creating havoc. It will eat cabbage as well, and pretty nearly everything green, devouring the plants down to the ground.

State Notes.

Governor Altgeld has restored the rights of citizenship to Lewis J. Kemp, of Hoopeston, and Francis Jacobs, of Sterling.

The body of a 4-months-old child was found in the Desplaines river, near Chicago, sewed in a sack.

J. W. Lanehart, a well-known lawyer, former law partner of Governor Altgeld and member of the Illinois Democratic state central committee, died at Chicago of peritonitis.

A bill for a receiver for the Kenwood (Ills.) Manufacturing company has been filed in the circuit court at Chicago by the Gormully & Jeffery Manufacturing company.

The comptroller of the currency has authorized the First National bank of Robinson, Ills., to begin business; capital, $50,000.

Louis Larose, a shoemaker aged 60, was drowned in the Sangamon river at Illiopolis, Ills.

John W. Lanehart, Governor Altgeld's former law partner, who died at Chicago last week, left the governor $40,000 of his estate.

THREE LIVES LOST AT A FIRE.

Car Barns at Chicago Burn, Cremating Men Who Were Saving Horses.

CHICAGO, July 20.—The car barns of the Chicago City Railway company were destroyed by fire Saturday night. Five hundred and fifty-four cars were consumed and fourteen horses burned to death. The fire soon got beyond control, and it was all the firemen could do to save the adjoining buildings. The loss is estimated at from $350,000 to $400,000; insurance, $325,000. Pipeman Samuel Sullivan was badly injured by a falling wall.

The car barns occupied a frontage of some 175 feet on Cottage Grove avenue, extending back nearly 400 feet to Langley avenue. The building was a brick structure, two stories in height, with frame floor and roof and a few brick dividing walls. It was filled with inflammable material.

Early yesterday morning three bodies were taken from the ruins of the car barns. They were employes of the railway company, and at the fire were assisting in the removal of horses from the burning building. In some way they were hemmed in and perished. They were missed and search instituted with the above result. The following are the names of the dead men: Patrick J. Martin, William L. Elwell and Frank Crosby.

ARKANSAS TOWN WIPED OUT.

Incendiary Fire Destroys $400,000 in Property—Prospect of a Lynching.

MALVERN, July 20.—An incendiary fire Saturday practically wiped out the whole of this town and caused a loss of $400,000. There was great excitement during and after the fire, and it was reported that a negro had been lynched. This proved an error. No one was actually lynched, but a white tramp came near forfeiting his life in an endeavor to filch money from the excited citizens. He remarked in a crowd that for the consideration of $800 he would reveal the identity of the firebugs. He was promptly answered with the remark that he would divulge the information at a more reasonable figure.

When lynching was threatened he declared he knew nothing about the matter. He was locked up. Only one business house is left in town. Eugene Ingraham, U. Miller and Cass Williams were arrested and jailed, but the mob spirit was so evident that the sheriff took them to Little Rock, having trouble in getting them on the train. Williams has confessed.

Sudden Death of Bishop Coxe.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 21.—Arthur Cleveland Coxe, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Western New York, died suddenly yesterday afternoon of nervous prostration at the Clifton Springs Sanitarium, where he had been spending a few days. He was about to leave for his residence in Buffalo, and was stricken with a fainting spell when about to take the train, from which he did not revive. His wife was with him at the time of his death.

Man and Wife Commit Suicide.

GALESBURG, Ills., July 20.—As a result of despondency over failure in business Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Gradke of this city took morphine Saturday night and were discovered by their daughter Jennie at 8 o'clock Sunday morning in a dying condition. Doctors were summoned but could do nothing, and both died at 10 o'clock.

Coincidence Sets Them Talking.

MASON CITY, Ia., July 18.—W. S. McDonald, a land agent of Clarion, has disappeared, also Maud Penfield, aged 15, a sister of Mrs. McDonald. Nothing can be heard from either, and the community generally regards it as an elopement. Officers are making every effort possible to find them.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, July 20.

Money on call easy at 2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills 488¾@489 for demand and 486@486¼ for sixty days; posted rates, 488¼ and 490½; commercial bills, 487.

Silver certificates, 69; sales 10,000; bar silver, 69¾; Mexican dollars, 55¾.

United States government bonds weak; new 4's registered, 112; do. coupons, 113; 5's registered, 110½; do coupons, 110¾; 4's registered, 106½; do. coupons, 107½; 2's registered, 95; Pacific 6's of '97, 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, July 20.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—July, opened 65¼c, closed 65⅝c; September, opened 66½c, closed 66¾c; December, opened 68½c, closed 68¼c. Corn—July, opened 25⅝c, closed 25¾c; September, opened 25¾c, closed 26⅛c; May, opened 29¾c, closed 29⅞c. Oats—July, opened 17½c, closed 17¾c; September, opened 17c, closed 17c; May, opened 19⅛c, closed 19⅜c. Pork—July, nominal, closed $6.35; September, opened $6.35, closed $6.40; January, opened $7.20, closed $7.10. Lard—July, nominal, closed $3.35; September, opened $3.47½, closed $3.42½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14½c per lb.; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 7@7½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9½@10c per dozen. Live poultry—Turkeys, 7c per lb.; chickens (hens), 8½c; spring chickens, 11@12c; roosters, 5c; ducks, 8@8c; geese, $4.00 per doz. New potatoes, 25@28c per bushel. Honey—White clover, 13@14c per lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Blackberries, 65@75c per 16-quart case. Red raspberries, 60c@$1.60 per 24-pint case.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, July 20.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 34,000; sales ranged at $3.90@4.60 pigs, $3.80@3.85 light, $3.80@3.95 rough packing, $3.10@3.75 mixed, and $3.00@4.20 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,500; quotations ranged at $4.15@4.55 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.00@4.30 good to choice do., $3.75@4.05 fair to good, $3.50@3.90 common to medium do., $3.40@3.90 butchers' steers, $2.80@3.65 stockers, $3.00@3.80 feeders, $1.25@3.80 cows, $2.40@4.00 heifers, $3.00@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.50@3.60 Texas steers, and $2.75@3.50 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 19,000; sales ranged at $3.25@3.40 westerns, $3.00@3.20 Texans, $2.00@3.85 natives and $3.75@4.50 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, July 20.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 65¼@65c; track, 66@66¼c; No. 2 hard, 65c bid; July, 65¼c; August, 66c asked; September, 65¾@65¼c bid. Corn—No. 2 cash, 24c bid; July, 24c; September, 24½c asked. Oats—No. 2 cash, 16¾c bid; July, 19c; August, 17¼c bid; September, 17½c bid; May, 20¾c bid. Rye—28c.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, July 20.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 65¼c; No. 1 northern, 67½c; September, 66½c. Corn—No. 3, 25½c. Oats—No. 3 white, 19½c; No. 3 do., 19@19½c. Barley—No. 2, 30c; samples, 22½@30½c. Rye—No. 1, 31½@31¾c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, July 20.

Wheat—Cash white, 61c; cash red, 67½c; July, 65½c; August, 60½c; September, 63½c.

THE HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, July 15.

The sea lion that escaped from Lincoln park, Chicago, two years ago has been seen in the Cheboygan river.

Robert M. Hunter and William Joyce, cabin boys on the steamer Bonanza, shot and killed Peter Whitaker, at Pomeroy, O. The killing was the result of their rivalry over a woman.

Adam Bunk was drowned while bathing in a clay pool at Twenty-first street and the Panhandle tracks at Chicago.

The common council of Columbus, O., has passed the curfew ordinance, which provides that children under 15 must not be found on the streets after 9 o'clock.

Thursday, July 16.

Ex-Senator John R. McPherson, of New Jersey, had a violent attack of asthma at Denver and his life was only saved by the hard work of physicians.

The Kansas divorce law, under which between 25,000 and 30,000 divorces have been granted in the last twenty-five years, has been declared ineffective.

A dispatch from Cape Town reports that the Cape Colony house of assembly, after a heated discussion, voted to grant a leave of absence to Hon. Cecil Rhodes.

As soon as Emperor William heard of the "attempt against President Faure's life" he telegraphed him his warm congratulations upon his escape.

Friday, July 17.

Eugene V. Debs has written a letter to a Populist in San Francisco in which he says he is not a candidate for the Populist nomination for the presidency.

B. J. Johnson, of Westmon Mill, Mich., fell into the river and was drowned.

Engineer Montgomery and Conductor Reed are under arrest at Logan, Ia., as a result of the verdict of the coroner's jury over the dead of Saturday's railroad wreck. They are charged with criminal negligence

W. S. Frisbey, for six years a traveling salesman for George A. Ogle & Co., 134 Van Buren street, was drowned while bathing at Durand, Wis. The body will be buried at Westville, Ind., beside that of his wife.

Nine children died at Havena, Minn., after drinking lemonade supposed to have been poisoned.

Saturday, July 18.

A gas engine exploded in the building occupied by the Chicago Aeriform Carbon company, at 60 West Polk street, causing a large blaze, but not doing much damage.

Rev. Marion Rose is dead at Virginia, Ills. He was 49 years old.

Farmer Washington Smith and Deputy Sheriff Dave F. Rogers, of Union county, Tenn., settled an old feud with pistols in a stable at Knoxville. Smith was shot to death and Rogers painfully wounded.

Hallet & Davis, pianos, Chicago, has assigned. Assets, $283,000; liabilities, $140,000.

The annual report of the Ohio state shop and factory inspector shows that 58,953 fewer persons were employed during the year just closed in the shops and factories of Ohio than were employed in 1891.

A New York court has decided that George Gould need not pay an inheritance tax on the $3,000,000 bequeathed him by his father, holding that the bequest was compensation for services rendered.

John G. Hea, the veteran lake captain, is dead at Chicago.

There were 495 fresh cases of cholera reported in Egypt Tuesday and Wednesday and 419 deaths from that disease.

The New York Times is to be put up for sale at public auction and sold to the highest bidder at a date not yet fixed.

Monday, July 20.

Harvest hands are in demand in western central Minnesota.

Justice Field, of the supreme court, denies that he is seriously ill. Instead his health has improved.

The New York State Bankers' association in convention at Niagara Falls resolved that gold is the only proper standard of money.

The village of Trout Run, near Williamsport, Pa., was nearly annihilated by fire. Fourteen buildings were burned.

Judge Clifford overruled a motion for a new trial in the case of William Taylor against the Chicago City Railway company and gave Taylor judgment for $15,000 awarded him for hurts sustained in a grip car collision, he having been the driver of a street car at the time.

St. Paul police have captured Richard Monroe, alias Charles Smith, alias "Whiskers," a "reformed" ex-convict for counterfeiting.

According to the United States vice consul at Belfast there is a good market in Ireland for American horses.

Last week in the vicinity of Lubeck, Germany, lightning destroyed forty buildings and killed twelve persons.

Queen Victoria has consented to act as arbitrator in a boundary dispute between Chili and Argentina.

The jumping horse Tycho Brahe has cleared the bars at the height of 7 feet, 6¾ inches, thus beating Filemaker's record.

Retta, the 24-year-old daughter of H. E. Ames, a prominent farmer and Populist politician of wide reputation, was instantly killed at her home at Bijou Hills, near Chamberlain, S. D., by being run over by a binder drawn by four horses.

Tuesday, July 21.

Over $5,000 in cash was found in the home of Jacob Denniman, a Crawfordsville, Ind., miser who died of starvation.

Sergeant Meagher, of the West Chicago avenue station, Chicago, saved the life of Frank Rollowitch by reaching out over a cable grip and snatching the lad from the steps of an ice wagon just before a collision occurred.

Woman's Work

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain and renew the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. The only remedy for tired, weak, nervous women is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For troubles *Peculiar to Women* at change of season, climate or life, great cures are made by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

CAPTURING RODENTS.

RAT CATCHING AS A CRAFT HAS UNDERGONE CHANGES.

How a St. Louisan Captures the Domestic Pests at Five Cents a Head—His Trade a Profitable One—Some of the Old Methods of Getting Rid of the Pesky Varmints.

There are few St. Louisans who know that rat catching is an established business in this city. And fewer know that considerable ingenuity enters into an adept practice of the craft. Venerable housewives recall how, a generation ago, there were some queer characters who contracted to rid places of the rodent pests by all manner of means, from ordinary legerdemain to the extraordinary method of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. There were others, too, who hired out intelligent ferrets to exterminate rats. But the advance of civilization has had its effect on the science of rat catching, and even in that branch of industry mechanical contrivances have supplanted manual work.

C. P. Johnson is probably the leading rat catcher of St. Louis. His traps are not cheap trifles, and there are many persons who hire him to set the contrivances in their places, paying 5 cents for each of the little pests that is captured. The largest restaurants afford Johnson considerable work. But the hotels, which would naturally be expected to offer a favorable field for Johnson's work, do not figure as among his good patrons. He says that the rat is one of the most cautious of animals, and that the meddlesomeness of hostelry attaches prevents successful trap setting in hotels. One big down town establishment was rid of 53 rats in one night.

Both Johnson and Henry Hein attend to the former's traps. They make daily rounds, setting the contrivances or disposing of the captives. When a landlord wishes his place rid of rats, he informs Johnson of that portion of the house where the little animals do most of their foraging.

For the first night or two the trap is set there in such a manner that the rats can nibble the bait and afterward escape. On the day that Johnson finds all the cheese and crackers in the boxlike contrivance have been devoured during the night he attaches an auxiliary trap, into which the captive rats are to be forced out of the view of prospective prisoners. Thus fully 100 rats can be caught in one trap in one night.

Johnson says that he doesn't contract to entirely rid a place of rats. He thinks he "knows as much about the business as any one else" and says that when the rodents have firmly established themselves in a house it is almost impossible to drive them out. A ferret, he says, might destroy the nest and the trap catch all the rats in the house, but if the locality is particularly favorable for rodent light neighboring pests are most likely to move into the place.

"Times are changed," said an old timer. "I remember when a man had to work a sight harder than he does now before he'd get several pieces of silver for 24 hours' rat catching. In those days these newfangled traps weren't known.

"There used to be a fellow living down on the levee that knew more about rats than a jockey knows about race horses. He had a partner, and both of them worked all kinds of schemes on the little creatures. These two men had a way of spreading bait on a cellar flour and then sneaking in on rubber boots. One of them carried a sack and a queer pair of tongs. The other had a bulleye lantern with a sliding panel.

"They'd sit in the dark as quiet as a graveyard until the rats commenced fighting and quarreling or until they knew the place was full of the varmints.

"Then the lantern would be turned on suddenly, and the rats, who are as afraid of light as I am of ghosts, would stand stock still. The man with the tongs—and he was quicker than greased lightning—would pick up the pests and fire them into the sack before the little things knew what was up. Sometimes they'd bag as many as 40 at a crack, but at other times the rats would become accustomed to the light and scamper away before 20 of their comrades had been nabbed."

But the science of rat catching has fewer exponents than has the art of rat killing. Housekeepers are not generally anxious to have the little animals about them, and hence they pay more attention to the ways of exorcising the pests than they do to means of capturing them.

In addition to the time worn scheme of poisoned bait, there are a number of unique plans that are operated from time to time by landlords who have lost patience with the domestic marauders. An ingenious individual some time ago devised a plan of painting a captive rat with a phosphorescent preparation and then turning it loose. The released rat would return to its nest, and there its effulgent coat would frighten the other rats out of all their instincts save that of fear.

There would be a pellmell fight, and as rats go in droves the painted rodent would run in their midst, increasing their fright and hastening their flight. Some one suggested that the little animals would either run themselves to death or continue their chase until dawn, when, in the sunlight, the phosphorus would lose its brilliance. Even in the latter event the little animals would have left their previous haunts.

It is known that rats despise the odor of turpentine. Some housewives, when bothered by the domestic pests, catch one in a trap, and, after bathing it in turpentine, release it. This plan is said to have almost as efficacious an effect as the phosphorescent paint.

There are some persons who claim that belling a rat will drive its comrades from their nest. As a usual thing, however, the bell becomes detached from the pest to which it was tied before the desired end is attained. But a strong wire is expected to circumvent such a contingency.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

DUSTY BY ACTUAL COUNT.

A Scientist Has Numbered the Dust Particles In the Very Purest Air.

It has always been believed that there could be no dust in the air of midocean, or upon mountain peaks thousands of feet above the sea level where the snows are eternal. But science has recently demonstrated that such is not the case. It has even gone farther than finding dust in these places. It has counted, with the utmost accuracy, the number of particles in a cubic centimeter.

Dust measurements were made from air over the open ocean and in mountain regions at altitudes from 6,000 feet to more than 13,000 feet. On the Bleshorn, in Switzerland, which forms part of the Alpine chain, containing the Rothhorn and Weisshorn, rising about 9,000 feet above the Zermatt valley on the east, and some 8,000 feet from that of Ziani on the west, the observations showed that at an elevation of 6,700 feet there were 950 dust particles in a cubic centimeter, which measures a little over one-third of an inch. At 8,400 feet elevation only 513 dust particles were found, and at 13,600 feet above the sea the number diminished to 157 per cubic centimeter.

Over the Indian ocean the average number of dust particles in a cubic centimeter was less than 500 for seven out of nine days, and on five days was less than 400. During a thick fog in the Atlantic the air was found to contain 3,120 dust particles per cubic centimeter, while in the clear region just beyond the fog there were only 280 dust particles in the same space.

Probably even few men of science would be able to tell how these particles could be counted, but a wonderful little instrument has been devised which makes the task an easy one. The dust counter which Mr. Fridlander employs contains a chamber into which air can be introduced saturated with water vapor. Then it is slightly and quickly cooled. Owing to the fall of temperature, condensation of vapor takes place on the dust nuclei, which then fall on to a micrometer plate at the bottom of the chamber, where they are rendered easily visible for counting by the water layer which coats them.—New York Journal.

GORGEOUS AND FAST.

An Amateur Skipper's Experience With an Erstwhile Unbeaten Catboat.

Summing up the advantages of certain places for the enjoyment of vacation and dilating on the pleasure and excitement of sailing small boats, an amateur skipper related an experience on the south shore of Long Island by saying: "I couldn't get away from town until the middle of the season, and when I arrived at—well, no matter where—I had difficulty in finding a catboat, but after a day's hunt I found a 17 footer, the only boat on that part of the bay that had not been let for the rest of the season. She had a black body and a yellow deck, with blue trimmings, red seats and a lead colored floor. She was a little too gorgeous for my taste, but I had to take her or have nothing.

"The bayman that owned her said that he had been too busy to put her in condition before that time. 'She's a fine boat, sir, and fast, too,' he said. 'She's won every race in her class, and she can carry sail with the best of 'em.' I took her, but in the course of a week I couldn't get much speed out of her. She lugged her sail all right, and the best fun I had was in taking her out in rough weather and letting her slash through the worst of the water.

"One day we had a race, and I entered the boat. I don't remember whether I was the last or the next to the last at the finish, but I know I had no show whatever for a place. Afterward I thought I'd make some inquiries.

"'Do you know my boat, Cap?' I asked, trying to get into confidential relations with an old bayman who was trying to ease himself through the rest of his lifetime by the use of a stout piece of cherry.

"'Reckon I do,' he replied, and he tried to repress a smile.

"'How old is she?'

"'Bout ten year, I reckon.'

"'How many races has she sailed in?'

"'One besides this.'

"'Did she win that?'

"'Yes, by a fluke. The other boat broke down.'"—New York Times.

Couldn't Be Done.

During a rehearsal at a country theater some years ago the stage manager, in looking over what would be required for the play, discovered that he would need six cigars each night for a part played by himself, which fact he communicated to the property man.

"What!" cried the economical property man. "Six a night? Why, that will be 3 shillings a week!"

"Eh?" gasped the stage manager, horrified at the prospect of having to smoke the inferior weed. "You don't mean to say you are going to give me penny ones?"

"Well," stammered the property man, "upon my word, sir, I can't get them any cheaper."—London Answers.

White For Yachting.

The color chosen by experienced yachtswomen for general wear is white. It neither fades nor spots with salt water. Exposure to the sun only causes the creamy tone to become richer and darker, besides all of which advantages it is considered more chic than the time honored blue.

There is this immense benefit in machinery, that it carries on those operations which debase the mind and injure the faculties. A man by constantly performing the same operations becomes unfit for any other.—Sir Humphry Davy.

Women cannot throw because of a peculiar formation of the shoulder blade that prevents the swing necessary to the proper propulsion of a stone or other object.

ST. MICHAEL THE WEIGHER.

Stood the tall archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
All the failure and the pain,
All the triumph and the gain
In the unimagined years,
Full of hopes, more full of tears,
Since old Adam's hopeless eyes
Backward searched for paradise,
And, instead, the flame blade saw
Of inexorable law.

Waking, I beheld him there,
With his fire gold, flickering hair,
In his blinding armor stand,
And the scales were in his hand.
Mighty were they and full well they could
poise both heaven and hell.
"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thine office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so.
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began
In the world, of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race—
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,
Gems, the lightning of the east,
Kublai's scepter, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.
In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,
Martyr ash, arena sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,
Beechen cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed,
Disillusions and despairs
Of young saints with grief grayed hairs,
Broken hearts that brake for man.

Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing them the beam divine
Swiftly on this hand decline,
While earth's splendor and renown
Mounted light as thistle down.
—James Russell Lowell.

ANOINTMENT AT CORONATIONS.

A Peculiarity of the Russian Ceremony Said to Be Very Important.

It is not generally known that the rite of coronation in the Russo-Greek church agrees with the religious ceremony of an English coronation in one very important particular or that this resemblance distinguishes the coronation services of England and Russia from those of all other countries.

The identity of ceremonial consists in the use of the "holy chrism," or "cream," in the anointment of the sovereign. In the Roman rite, at the coronations of the old emperors of Germany—that is to say, of the holy Roman empire, to which Austria, in a sense, has succeeded—not the schism, but the inferior oil of the catechumens, or candidates for baptism, is employed. In the eastern rite, on the contrary, the chrism is used.

This chrism is understood to bestow "a character," to use a theological term, upon the recipient—in other words, it imparts certain gifts of the Holy Ghost not exactly of a sacerdotal character, for it is not used in the east for the ordination of bishops or priests, but nevertheless a special gift from on high, which is indefeasible in him who receives it, and which, so long as he corresponds with divine grace, gives him supernatural sacramental grace to fulfil the duties of his high office.

This is the meaning of the words "the seal of the gift of the Holy Ghost" used at the confirmation of a child in the east immediately after its baptism, and the same words are again used when the emperor is again anointed at his coronation. It is in the case of the emperor alone that a man is ever anointed in the east more than once in his life. As already stated, the chrism has never been used in the consecration of bishops, as it is in the greater part of the west.

Now it is a very interesting point to notice that the only country in the world besides Russia in which at the present day the sovereign is anointed with chrism is England. This used also to be the case in France, but of course the French monarchy is now a thing of the past. In a learned paper by Dr. Wickham Legg a note is quoted from a pamphlet printed in 1519 upon the manner of crowning the emperor, in which it is stated that, whereas the kings of England, France and "Jerusalem and Cicilie" were thus anointed, there were no fewer than 22 other kingdoms at that time in western Europe, including Poland, of which the sovereigns were not anointed. The kingdom of "Jerusalem and Cicilie" has of course long disappeared.—London Times.

Cut Flowers In New York.

There are now about 20 wholesale commission dealers in cut flowers in the city. The first dealer in this business started about 18 years ago. Before that retail florists who did not raise their own flowers sent to the greenhouses of the growers for them. Now nearly all florists buy of the wholesale commission dealers in the city.

The flowers sold in this city are grown in New Jersey, and on Long Island and at some other points in this state. They are brought here by express packed in boxes constructed for the purpose. The busy part of the day in the wholesale flower establishments is from 8 o'clock in the morning, at about which time the flowers arrive, until about noon.

The customers of the wholesale dealer include not only city florists, but also florists in many places within 75 miles around New York, and flowers are often shipped from here to points much more distant.—New York Sun.

Another Kind.

"You allude to a lot of smoking ruins in your story," said the city editor.

"Yes," replied the reporter, "they were there."

"But I didn't send you to write about a conflagration. This was a semisocial occasion."

"I know it. But there were a number of cigarette fiends present."—Washington Star.

Love makes its record in deeper colors as we grow out of childhood into manhood, as the emperors signed their names in green ink when under age, but when of age in purple.—Longfellow.

Marquises come next after the oldest sons of dukes, and are succeeded by the oldest sons of dukes not of the blood royal.

A BOY AND A BALLOON.

Or How Business Was Interrupted In a Chicago Department Store.

The small boy had purchased a rubber balloon in the toy department.

He was tagging after his mother in the crowded first floor of the big department store when some one jolted against him so that he let go of the string. The rubber balloon floated upward until it reached the ceiling.

The boy howled in dismay, and his mother dropped her bundles, imagining that some one had walked on him.

There was the balloon bobbing against the ceiling.

The boy held up his hands toward it and demanded that it be returned to him. His mother gathered up her bundles and scolded him for being careless. Then the aisle became blocked with people who offered suggestions.

"Get a long fishing pole," said one.

"How did it happen?" asked another.

"How long will it stay up there?" inquired yet another.

A porter came running to find out what was the matter. A dozen willing people pointed out the balloon that rested lightly against the ceiling and was shifted about by every little movement of the air.

"I don't see how I can get it," said he.

"Oh, you ought to get it for the boy," said a large man, who had established himself as master of ceremonies. "You bought the balloon here in the store, didn't you, madam?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"She bought the balloon here in the store," said the large man to the porter. "I think if you get a long window pole and stand on that highest shelf that you can fish it down."

It was a 5 cent balloon, but the porter went after it as if it were the bag of gold that hangs from every rainbow.

He found the pole and climbed to the high shelf. Several hundred people stopped their shopping and watched him for five minutes as he vainly poked in an effort to fasten the end of the window pole in the dangling string.

At last he was successful.

The balloon was slowly hauled down, to the intense gratification of every one except the small boy, who had become interested in a small aquarium containing goldfish.—Chicago Record.

COLOR IN PLANTS.

The Most Important Coloring Substance In the World Is Chlorophyll.

Chlorophyll is perhaps the most important coloring substance in the world, for upon this substance depend the characteristic activity of plants, the synthesis of complex compounds from carbon dioxide and water process, upon which the existence of all living things is ultimately conditioned. Only in a very few unimportant forms devoid of chlorophyll can the synthesis of complex from simple compounds or from the elements be accomplished. The function of chlorophyll may only be comprehended when its chief physical properties are understood. These may be best illustrated by placing a gram of chopped leaves of grass or geranium in a few cubic centimeters of strong alcohol for an hour.

Such a solution will be of a bright, clear green color, and when the vessel containing it is held in such a manner that the sunlight is reflected from the surface of the liquid it will appear blood red, due to its property of fluorescence, that of changing the wave length of the rays of light of the violet and of the spectrum in such a manner as to make them coincide with those of the red end. It is by examination of light which has passed through a solution of chlorophyll, however, that the greatest insight into its physical properties may be gained. If such a ray of light is passed through a prism and spread out on a screen, it may be seen that there are several large intervals of dark bands in the spectrum. The rays of light which would have occupied these spaces have been absorbed by the chlorophyll and converted into heat and other forms of energy. This energy is directly available to the protoplasm containing the chorophyll, and by means of it the synthesis of complex substance may be accomplished.—Popular Science Monthly.

Who Were the Basques?

The dialect of the Spanish Basque provinces, such as we have it in the songs and proverbs which have acquired for this people quite a European reputation, is really a hideous mixture of Spanish patois—Spanish, more or less adulterated with French—and Moorish or Arabic. Many of their words have a curious resemblance to corresponding English words—just as we find in our English slang a good many gypsy words. For instance, the Basque word gorry (which signifies red, rusty, bloody, gory), the word gono (gown), escura (school), irina (farina, flour), curritsen (course, courrier), du (does, from the verb to do), letra (letter), teilature (roof, tile), cantua (song, canticle), boina (bonnet), etc.

The music of the popular Basque songs is in general plaintive and couched in the minor keys. The melodies, like the language, are a tradition—as no composers' names have come down to us—and this, again, is a singular compound of Spanish and oriental melody. It also confirms my view of the origin of this interesting people, so that I have the language and the music both fighting to uphold my theory.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Suggestion.

It was suggested by some one at the late Louisville convention that women residing in market towns should open their clubrooms on market days for the benefit of the women who come into town, that they might have a pleasant and comfortable place in which to rest and lunch. If practicable, the idea is a good one, and women in surrounding places might by that means be interested in uniting and working for something most needed in their own community.

BUMPERS OF BLOOD.

THE BRUTAL CUSTOMS ATTRIBUTED TO THE ASHANTI SAVAGES.

Some of the Horrible Details of the Finally Successful Efforts of the English to Destroy the Bloody Reign of Prempeh Told In a London Paper.

Seventy-two years ago the first British expedition against Kumassi came to a miserable end. The skull of its leader, Governor Sir Charles McCarthy, was turned into a drinking cup, from which, if they at all behaved according to their wont, Prempeh's ancestor and his victorious warriors must have toasted each other in bumpers of human blood. The second expedition, year 1863, was also badly beaten, but by King Fever. Most people know the history of the third expedition, Lord Wolseley's, year 1873. Every newspaper reader has a general idea of the fourth and final expedition, which, without firing a shot, made an end of Prempeh's hideous rule, on the 20th of January, 1896. The recording angel saw at least one good deed done on the earth that day, jotting it down to Bull's credit as a singularly satisfactory example of his work in the world. Those who may like to possess a compact, faithful, most readable record of the campaign will find it in the illustrated volume of Major Baden-Powell's, to which is appended a suggestive chapter by Sir George Baden-Powell, M. P., on the political and commercial position of Ashanti.

However much we may detest war, it is gratifying to recognize the fact that this west African one has been a service to humanity. King Prempeh was one of the three or four most appalling monsters with whom the British government has had relations within the last 20 years. Still, had it been merely a question of removing Prempeh, the successful expedition would not have deserved all the eulogium we have just bestowed upon it. When on Jan. 20 Prempeh did homage to Governor Maxwell, kneeling on a biscuit box, while his excellency sat on another, it was not merely a black king who passed away, but a whole atrocious system of blood, torture and state sorcery that had endured from immemorial time. The name Kumassi means "the death place." How well it deserved its name is made plain enough in the first part of Major Baden-Powell's book. So numerous were Prempeh's executioners that two whole streets of the town were set apart for them to live in. One of the streets was occupied by the executioners of men, women and children doomed to be sacrificed. In spite of the Wolseley treaty, human sacrifices were never stopped in Ashanti. At the harvest festival human beings were sacrificed to the spirits. Whenever the king made a pilgrimage to his ancestral ghosts, he sacrificed 20 men, hacking their heads off on the edge of his execution bowl, a vessel five feet across.

"The blood of the victims was allowed to putrefy in the bowl, and leaves of certain herbs being added it was considered a very valuable fetich medicine." When a great personage died, "two of his household slaves were at once killed on the threshold of the door, in order to attend their master immediately in his new life, and his grave was afterward lined with the bodies of more slaves who were to form his retinue in the spirit world." Sometimes the slaves, or free people kidnaped for the purpose, were buried alive with the dead personage. Slave girls were killed to accompany their mistress into the other world. Great numbers were sacrificed when a king died. When a man was kidnaped for sacrifice, he was gagged with a knife run through his cheeks. These frightful customs of the Ashanti capital were observed by every kinglet in the Ashanti "empire." Executions were decreed on any pretense. "It is even said that on one occasion he (Prempeh) preferred a richer color in the red stucco on the walls of the palace and that for this purpose the blood of 400 virgins was used."

We need say nothing of the march, in which our author rendered most excellent service with his pioneering and covering corps. The following funny story is worth quoting: A native runner came in "with a crumpled piece of paper" bearing the inscription, "Major Gordon killed 14th instant." Commotion and grief, of course. Then "some one discovered a faint pencil note of receipt initialed by Major Gordon himself, and it then was remembered that a piece of fresh meat had been sent off to him a day or two previously with this self same label attached to it." There is a very good description of the last scenes at Kumassi, including the destruction of the fetich village and the blowing up with gun cotton of the "great fetich tree in whose shade hundreds of victims have been sacrificed." The old Ashanti "dam" which prevented commercial intercourse between the coast and the interior being now removed, Sir George Baden-Powell, in the chapter he contributes, advocates the construction of a light railway from Cape Coast Castle to the Prah river.—London News.

Not Natural.

"Oh, yes," said the coroner, "there was every indication that the actress had died a natural death, but other actresses insisted that it was not possible. They were firmly of the opinion that the deceased could not die a natural death, and of course that left me no alternative. I had to hold an inquest.—Detroit Tribune.

The Eternal Fitness.

Nancy Pranoy—Your bloomer suit is very becoming, dear; but why such large clocks in your stockings?

Kitty Hardup—That is to harmonize with the machine. You see, I bought it on very large tick.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Any new or useful improvement upon a machine, manufacture or device not previously known may be patented.

SCOLDING WOMEN.

Formerly a Greater Pest In England Than at the Present Day.

Formerly the "common scold"—the woman who made her neighbors' lives intolerable with her raging temper, her bitter tongue, her slanders and calumnies—was found everywhere. Laws were passed recognizing her as one kind of criminal. There were two forms of punishment by which she was repressed or deterred or cowed into gentleness—viz, the cucking stool and the brank. The cucking stool assumed various shapes, but it generally consisted of a chair on one end of a beam, which rested on a bar so as to make a seesaw. Sometimes the chair was hung from the beam by a chain. The culprit being tied on the chair, the other end of the beam went up and the chair went down into the water, sousing the woman completely. They did this three times, after which they let her go.

Such stools belonged to nearly every parish. Like the stocks and the pillory, they formed part of the furniture of justice. For instance, about London, there was one on Bankside with which they ducked the wives of the players. There was one at Radcliffe, one at Kingston-on-Thames, and there was one which stood till the beginning of this century beside the great pond or reservoir of the Green park.

Apparently the chair and the cold bath did not completely destroy the female tendency to scold, for it was found necessary to invent another punishment, which was extensively adopted, although not authorized by the law. This was the "brank," or "scold's bridle," which consisted of a small cage formed by iron hoops to fit the head, with a piece of iron which pressed the tongue and formed the gag. Thus adorned, the scold was either led or carried about the town for all the world to see. Sometimes she was placed on a high scaffold. The brank was used in some places down to the beginning of the century. Its disuse, its disappearance, make one incline to the belief that the scold has also disappeared. However, such is not the case. The disease or infirmity of scolding still exists, but in a much milder form. The mildness of the modern form is mainly due to the improved conditions of life.

Two hundred years ago the village household was insufficiently fed; the quality as well as the quantity of the food was bad; work was hard; men were rough; husbands beat their wives habitually; in cold weather they were thinly clad; in hot weather their clothes were too thick. If there was any indulgence possible, it took the form of beer. Tea did not exist. Children, hungry and cold, cried all day and all night; everything combined to exasperate a woman. What wonder if, from time to time, she lost control of herself and became copiously eloquent over her wrongs? Things have greatly improved. The husband no longer—or very seldom—beats his wife; the food has become cheap; wages have gone up; luxuries, formerly unattainable, have become necessaries; the scold is dying out of the land because there is so little left to scold about.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A WOMAN'S ARM.

Well Known Sculptor Describes It as the Perfect One Should Be.

"I find great difficulty in getting a model with good arms," said a well known sculptor recently. "It is astonishing how very few women have arms that conform to the standard. A perfect arm measured from the armpit to the wrist joint should be twice the length of the head. The upper part of the arm should be large, full and well rounded. The forearm must not lie too flat, not nearly so flat as a man's, for example. A dimple at the elbow adds beauty to a well proportioned arm.

"From a well molded shoulder the whole arm should taper in long, graceful curves to a symmetrical and rounded wrist. It is better to have an arm that harmonizes even if the parts do not follow the generally accepted lines. For instance, a full, round upper arm which is joined to a flat or thin forearm has a very bad effect. It is only a degree worse, however, than a graceful, well molded forearm tacked on to a thin, scrawny upper arm.

"Correctness of form is not the only thing necessary for a good arm. The owner must possess the power of expression in her arms. As a general thing American women are deficient in this. Those nationalities which show the most expression in their arms are the Spanish, French and Italians. The warmest admirer of Sarah Bernhardt would not claim that she had beautiful arms, yet no one can say that the divine Sarah ever appears ungainly in consequence. Much more lies in the faculty of arm expression than is generally supposed."—Boston Post.

Tucked Gowns.

Tucked gowns are in very high vogue, and we see pretty summer toilets of pink, cream or blue dimity, organdy, zephyr goods, chambray, figured French lawn and similar fabrics, with tucked bodices, the tucks, as a rule, about an inch wide and running horizontally from neck to belt or from the neck to half the length of the waist, forming a yoke. Skirts are likewise tucked their entire length, or from the hem to the knees, and puffed sleeves are tucked round and round the puff, with, in many cases, rows of lace insertion between.—New York Letter.

So We Do.

When we get a new article of dress we pretend to have had it for some time; but when it has grown old in our service we endeavor to make others believe that it is brand new or very near it.—Boston Transcript.

Couldn't Bear Torture.

Customer—Is that the razor you shaved me with the last time?

Knight of the Razor—Yes, sir.

Customer—Chloroform, please!—London Tit-Bits.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Single Copies.....05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, JULY 25, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"The Gay Parisians."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Bohemian Girl."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel.
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

PASSIVE RESISTANCE TO IRISH TAXATION.

The juggling English newspapers, Tory and Whig, are now trying to "explain away" the open robbery of Ireland year by year, as exposed by the Financial Relations Commission, the salient portion of whose report we published recently. United Ireland, of July 4, has a very spirited editorial on the subject, in the course of which it says:

"Fortunately for Ireland, we have one Irish public man who knows his way through a field of figures as well as the nimblest financial juggler England can put up to defend her shame. Mr. Sexton, in the special report he has compiled, and which is signed also by Mr. Blake and Mr. Slattery, the chairman of the national bank, has anticipated the clever persons who have started the from-one-pocket-to-another theory, by going into the figures, which explode the argument sky-high. But Mr. Sexton has gone further, and shown that to treat any portion of revenue or expenditure raised in Ireland as anything but Imperial, 'is strictly contrary to the fundamental principles of finance on which the Union is based.' More than that, if the present system is persevered in, the time will presently arrive, as Mr. Sexton shows, when England actually will have no Irish balance whatever on which to hang such an argument. 'Conducted from Great Britain,' he writes, 'the administration of Ireland will, no doubt, cost more and more. The charge mounts nearer and nearer to the gross produce of the revenue, and far exceeds the revenue which Ireland would have to pay, if taxed only according to her means.' That is to say, the thieving will very soon cost England so much that there will be no margin of profit. The day is rapidly approaching when every penny of taxation that is squeezed out of Ireland will have to be devoted to the impossible task of administering London-made laws, and then the predominant partner will discover that the Irish portion of his business has ceased to pay him any dividend.

"What the Vampire which is sucking out the life-blood of the nation will do when it finds there is no more blood to suck we do not know, and do not much care. The black, bitter, horrible fact is here now staring Irishmen in the face, under the hand and seal of Englishmen themselves, that almost four million pounds every year over and above what the people are able to pay is being dragged out of our poverty. In its presence, what is the use of talking about land bills, or laborers' acts, or Catholic universities, or light railways, or local government, or any of the other mustard plasters of legislation over which Irishmen spend their breaths? Here is a case of hemorrhage. Will a mustard plaster stop hemorrhage? Will platform resolutions, or newspaper articles, or oratory in Parliament, take the bloodsucker from the heart of Ireland? But surely we trifle to be asking such questions. There is one answer to this four million a year, and it was given long ago simply enough by a young Irish girl,—

'The very subtlest eloquence
That injured man can show,
Is the pathos of a pikehead
And the logic of a blow.'

That is the solution of the question—Revolution. But revolution is impossible. We quite admit that revolution is impossible in Ireland just now. But is it impossible to refuse to pay an unjust tax? Sixty years ago the Irish people refused to pay tithes, sixteen years ago, and again ten years ago, they refused to pay rack-rents. Some of them got killed, to be sure, although England had then only breechloaders and has now Maxims. The Maxim is certainly a serious consideration in the business. But while, no doubt, a Maxim can very quickly take the soul out of a man's body, we absolutely defy a battery of Maxims to take a penny out of a man's pocket. Is it impossible, we ask again, to refuse to pay an unjust tax? The question is simple. And it admits of two answers. It admits of the answer of the citizen, and it admits of the answer of the slave."

Where a question of squeezing money out of the unwilling and unable is concerned, we will back English ingenuity against the world. The robbery of Ireland is no new sin with England. She has been at that work ever since the year of grace 1169, and she will keep at it until the day of judgment, if she continues to rule in Ireland. Looking at the heroic struggle in Cuba, where a brave people are waging war against an oppressor far less terrible than the foe that crushes Ireland, we are tempted to think that the Irish people of today are lacking in nerve force. They ought to be able to do something to stay the hand of the foreign robber that plunders them without scruple. Passive resistance may be a way out of the difficulty. At all events, the experiment is worth trying.

IRISH AMNESTY MEETING.

The Amnesty meeting in behalf of the Irish political prisoners will be held at Battery D on this (Saturday) evening, July 25, at 8 o'clock. Reference to the advertisement of the event on another page, discloses the fact that several very able speakers are expected to address the meeeting, among them Gov. Altgeld, Senator Cullom, Luther Laflin Mills, Rev. Dr. Hirsch, and Col. Marcus Kavanaugh. Every Irish man and woman in Chicago, who has the cause of justice and humanity at heart, should not fail to be present. Battery D should be crowded with the friends of Ireland and liberty on this occasion.

ENGLISH CRUELTY TO IRISH PRISONERS.

The London correspondent of United Ireland, writing about the Irish political prisoners now confined in British penal institutions, says: "We have even today an instance of the cruelty and barbarity with which the unfortunate men are treated in Portland at the present moment. In the prison office seven letters were awaiting a political prisoner named Wilson, who has spent over twelve years in penal servitude. Six of them have been returned to his brother on the ground that he is entitled to receive only one letter! Can there be any reason for cruelty of this kind? Such letters may contain precious news of home, some tale of domestic happiness or good fortune, or of a sorrow, which even there would be a certain kind of sad joy in sharing. But the tortured political prisoner is only "J464," and the rules, which we all know have been over and over again relaxed for high-placed swindlers, are enforced against him as if he were the commonest pickpocket. We remember hearing of one case where letters lay for years in the prison office, informing a young Irish prisoner of the illness and subsequently of the death of his father. Can we doubt but that these letters would have been given to Bill Sykes? As it was the prisoner received the letters on the day of his release, and before he could open them his mother appeared in widow's weeds, which told the tale before he could read it. This is the way in which British jailers have sowed the seed of hate towards England."

HELL UPON EARTH.

The Citizen has received a communication from "Mr. W. Lowry, 445 York Road, Wadsworth, London, S. W., Christian Crusader against sin and suffering; for forty years an humble worker in the cause of truth, justice and humanity." He asks for a hearing, because he has heard, in distant England, that The Citizen also champions "truth, justice and humanity." Of course, we have no means of knowing the merits of the case, but if matters are one-eighth as bad as Mr. Lowry asserts they are, a change from London to hell would not be very shocking by contrast. We know that the rabble of London is fierce and brutal, but we confess we did not before think it capable of making murderous attacks on little children. However, here is a portion—a very small portion—of what Mr. Lowry has to say on the subject:

"The law, according to those in authority at Wadsworth, seems to be in favor of ruffianism, brutality, savagery and immorality, and opposed to truth, justice and humanity.

"I live at York Road, Wandsworth. It is a very low, rough neighborhood. There are also many respectable people living here, on whose behalf I write this, as well as on my own.

"The footpath in front of the houses and shops are generally occupied in the evening and night, and sometimes in the daytime, by a gang of ruffians and low women, who amuse themselves by swearing, using the most brutal, filthy, disgusting and abominable language. Some of those who occupy the shops in this immediate neighborhood, I am told, belong to the same class, and encourage that sort of thing. I, as a Christian, a husband and a father, have a natural objection to everything of that sort, and I ask them to move and keep away from the front of my shop. By so doing I am very much disliked by these people. So they attack me with knives, smash my windows (one a large plate-glass window) back and front, break the handles and fittings off my shop door and take them away, kick in my shop door, smash my show-glasses, destroy my property, rob my shop, smash all the glass paneling in bottom part of the shop front; I had to replace them with wood.

"On Nov. 17, 1890, a gang of about three hundred ruffians attacked my shop—pushed in the door. Some of them assaulted me, and smashed some show-glasses, the others smashed the glass paneling in bottom part of the shop front, and did damage to the extent of £10. After a lot of trouble I got the name and address of the principal man who assaulted me, and after a great deal of trouble and expense to me he was bound over. I was no sooner back from court when he, and another man from a kind of butcher's shop, attacked our place; he kicking the woodwork outside, while the other pushed in the door eight or ten times, and assaulted both my wife and self. I sent a boy we employed, about 15 years of age, to find a policeman. He looked about for a quarter of an hour and could not find one. I then went myself and could not find one. I then went back to the court and told the magistrate; but it was no good. There was an inspector there, who interrupted me and said there was a policeman within twenty yards of our door, which was decidedly untrue, unless he was invisible, or under cover. He also said my statement was not true, which was incorrect on his part, and his reason for making this statement is best known to himself. There was also another mis-statement made, and published in the papers, which is, that I said 'some boys threw stones at me, or after me.' I never made such a statement. The stones were thrown at our child, who was not 4 years old at the time.

"In the many attempts on her life, one stone weighing 7½ ounces was thrown at her head; it luckily missed her, and struck the wall within three inches of her head, which stone I have kept with a batch of 100 other, which have been thrown at her, or through the windows and doors. I don't know what a learned inspector would call those who indulge in this sort of thing, boys or men, but if age has anything to do with it, they range from about 18 to 30, and I believe all respectable and Christian people of all countries would call them brutes or savages. We dare not let her out of our sight alone for two minutes.

"One man, I suppose you would call him one, belonging to a kind of butcher's shop, has threatened to settle us, which I suppose means murder, or to put us out of the neighborhood. Also on Dec. 3, 1890, he, with another man, followed me over the Wandsworth Bridge road. The other man did not come far, but shouted to this one not to let me come back. I reported it to the magistrate the next day, but he would not grant me a summons. Then again, on Dec. 9, a ruffian from the same shop came in to our place and assaulted my wife and self.

On another occasion, one Saturday afternoon, about 150 ruffians attacked my shop, kicked in the door, assaulted and robbed me, and took a two-shilling piece from my pocket, and broke my spectacles and watch chain in the attempt to get my watch."

Not satisfied with these outrages, Mr. Lowry says the gang returned again, not once but several times, to the attack. The policemen and the magistrates, to whom he made complaint, would do nothing to protect him, and his life became day by day, more intolerable, if that were possible. He was robbed about two hundred times, and he is rendered poor by reason of the frequent raids upon his shop. He has tried to get the London papers to take up his case, but in vain. The editors of the Review of Reviews, the Echo and the Star all turned to him the deaf ear and gave him the marble heart. So, too, with the Young Men's Christian Association, Exeter Hall and even the Home Secretary. In fact Mr. Lowry's woes would fill not alone a volume but a small library. He has, indeed, fallen on evil days—days hard to match in London or elsewhere.

The explanation he gives of the reason for his persecution is thus modestly summed up:

"We are hated not because we are Salvationists, Catholics, Protestants, Wesleyans, or any other denomination, but simply and solely because we are practical Christians; all other forms of christianity are nothing, you may make all the noise and show, and talk about christianity so long as you don't practice—it is only practical Christians that are persecuted, simply and solely because we do good, because we do the work, because we walk in the footsteps of Christ, because we put on His armor, because we are opposed to sin and vice in every shape and form, because the evil doer, the rich, immoral and filthy class, the powers of darkness and hell are against us; they are against our master, the servant is not any better than the master, our enemies are desperate and numerous. Two thousand years they have carried on this war against us. Their devices are various; sometimes under the cloak of religion their onslaught is desperate and brutal, but our General is a great leader and a great strategist—He never knew defeat. Those under him who are tried soldiers, and the swords that He puts in their hands are of the keenest steel, and are double-edged; they can neither bend nor break, and the more they are used the keener they become because they are forged in heaven and tempered on the anvil of God, therefore the enemy cannot prevail against us. No, the sun shall stand still in the heavens first. Nevertheless, it is a disgrace in a country like this, which is supposed to be a Christian one, and sends out missionaries to convert heathens; the heathens, as you call them, are a thousand times better, and a million times more manly than the millions in London and other parts of this country, the brutes who grow rich on immorality and crime, even the sin of their own children.

* * * This state of things is not only a disgrace to every Englishman in this country, but a reproach wherever the English language is spoken. No respectable person can walk the streets without constantly hearing life most foul and filthy language; the air is full of it. I brought several cases before the Wandsworth magistrates, but they did not see fit to convict."

Mr. Lowry knows whereof he speaks, and, because he does, is, no doubt, a chief reason why he is persecuted. The Citizen never refuses any one a fair hearing, unless personalities are introduced. As Mr. Lowry's statement is couched in parliamentary language we willingly give him space to state his grievances.

JOHN T. McENNIS.

The death of Mr. John T. McEnnis, of St. Louis, Mo., which occurred in that city on Tuesday, deprives American journalism of one of its brightest members. Mr. McEnnis was for a long time connected with the Chicago Times and other city newspapers, but became within the last three years a writer on the Globe-Democrat of St. Louis. He was in his 42d year when death summoned him. He was married about fifteen years ago to Miss Ella Rorke, daughter of Mr. M. A. Rorke, one of Chicago's oldest lawyers. There are no surviving children. Mr. McEnnis, who was a strong, stalwart-appearing man, became a victim of liver complaint recently, and despite the efforts of the leading physicians of St. Louis could not rally. His death is widely and sincerely lamented, as he possessed genial manners and many noble qualities of head and heart.

HISTORICAL CORRECTION.

Miss Alice Mulligan, of Belfast, Ireland, editress of the Shan Van Vocht newspaper, published in that city, in the course of a lecture on Hugh Roe O'Donnell, recently delivered, is reported to have said:

"In the battle of the Blackwater or Yellowford, in which Hugh O'Donnell fought, there was a greater number of the Irish killed, owing no doubt to the deadly arms of artillery and musketry owned by the English."

Miss Mulligan must have been misquoted. The Yellowford was the most complete, if not the greatest, victory ever obtained by the Irish over the English in Ireland. It was fought, according to McGee, on Lady Day, Aug. 15, 1598. Mitchel makes the date Aug. 10, but both historians, and many more with them, agree in saying that the English rout was complete. Marshal Sir Henry Bagnal, commander in chief, was killed, while there fell also many other distinguished officers and about 3,000 of the flower of the British army of veterans. The Irish loss, including the forces of Hugh O'Neill, who commanded in chief, and Hugh Roe O'Donnell, did not exceed a couple of hundred men. The English army, in its flight, left behind thirty-four standards, 13,000 gold pieces, all its artillery, small arms and commissariat.

For further particulars of this famous fight, consult Mitchel's "Life of Hugh O'Neill," McGee's History of Ireland," and the works of Martin Haverty, Abbe McGeoghegan and A. M. Sullivan.

IRISHMEN WHO FOUGHT FOR AMERICA.

The Nation of San Francisco, Cal., in an editorial of date July 4, has the following:

"The commander of the minute men at Concord was Col. James Barrett, an Irishman. His most trusted lieutenant was Hugh Cargill, a Ballyshannon man, who on his death in 1799 made a generous gift of land to the town of Concord. Mr. Thomas Welsh, another Irish Catholic, was army surgeon to the patriots. Our readers all know the sublime story of Concord and Lexington of the revolution so we will not go into it or the story of the gallant fight of the Minute men. The Irish were there. They came into the full light of Colonial history at that time. The cry of Paul Revere aroused them to action, and like their countrymen at Fontenoy they struck at the British power, and the memory of past wrongs gave incentive to their valor. On the roll of the Minute men we find hundres of Irish names. There were many representatives of each of the following names: Bradley, Burke, Carroll, Carey, Connor, Dempsey, Donoghue, Fadden, Farley, Fay, Flood, Foley, Gleason, Guffin, Hogan, Haley, Kelly, Kenny, Laughlin, McBride, McFadden, McGrath, McGuire, McMullin, Mahon, O'Brien, Shea, Walsh, Dougherty, Sullivan, Barry, Cavanagh, Casey, Connelly, Doyle, Fogarty, Flynn, Crowley, Linehan, Lynch, Murphy, McNamara, McCoy, Mahoney, Ryan, Roach, Scanlan, Tobin, Shanahan, O'Connor, McGee, Scully, O'Hara. On the rolls of Bunker Hill the same names appear, and each name of those we have given above is repeated many times. In fact there are very few, if any, of leading Irish names absent from this roll, and our authority in this matter is the Massachusetts archives. Our people were in at the beginning of the Revolutionary War therefore, and they fought gallantly to the close."

We suppose Mr. Griffin, of Philadelphia, will find fault with the Nation's statement, and will endeavor to prove that no Irishmen fought at either Concord or Lexington. It would be well for the Nation, in making its statements, to give its authority more minutely. It would also be well for some Irish-American truthfinder, who has the time at his disposal, to examine the war records of the Revolutionary period, if they are come-at-able, and find out, for a certainty, what proportion of Irish names belonged to the soldiers of Washington's army. Facts are much more convincing than assertions.

Mr. James Stuart, father of Col. James E. Stuart, commander of the Royal Scots' Battalion, and special agent at the postoffice, died at his son's home in this city last Monday, at the venerable age of 82 years.

We learn with regret that the youngest son of Mr. Thomas F. Harvey, of 4341 Calumet avenue, was drowned at Cedar Lake, on Tuesday morning last. The father had joined his family, who were summering at this popular resort, on Sunday, and two days later, in what manner exactly is not known, the little boy who was only eight years old, fell off the wharf. The funeral took place from Mr. Harvey's residence on Thursday afternoon, and among those attending were several members of the Press club, of which the father is a popular member and one of the directorate. The Citizen offers to the bereaved parents its sincerest sympathy.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH PICNIC.

A great picnic, under the auspices of St. Francis Xavier's parish, Rev. Father J. M. Hagen pastor, La Grange, Ill., will be given at Reissig Park, Riverside, on Saturday, July 25th. The committee of arrangements have made ample preparation for the entertainment of their guests. Goldsmith's Chicago orchestra will furnish the dancing music, both afternoon and evening, and a military band will furnish music at intervals. The grounds will be brilliantly illuminated during the entire evening. A sumptuous dinner and supper will be served in the dining room on the grounds. The athletic programme will include foot racing, sack racing, bicycle races, high and long jumping and other stirring events. Handsome prizes will be distributed to the successful competitors. Tickets 50 cents and children under 10 years of age free. The railroads will furnish the usual facilities.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY FITZGERALD.

Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Thomas Moynihan, 266 Claremont avenue, on the 15th inst., at the age of 80 years. The deceased lady was a native of the county Galway, Ireland, and a resident of this city about forty years. She leaves a family of four sons and one daughter to mourn her loss. Her genial and generous disposition endeared her to her friends and neighbors alike. The funeral took place on the 17th inst. from her late residence to St. Jarlath's church, where requiem mass was celebrated, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery.

Monroe Council, I. N. A.

The next meeting of Monroe Council, I.N.A., will be held on Friday evening, Aug. 14, at their hall, Forty-eighth street and Ashland avenue.

Seventh Regiment.

A full report of the encampment of the Seventh Regiment at Camp Lincoln, Springfield, and gossip regarding the doings of the "boys," will appear next week. It is unavoidably held over this week on account of the extensive report of the A. O. H. National convention.

Scottish Picnic.

The United Scottish societies of Chicago will hold a grand union picnic and games at Trout Park on Saturday, Aug. 1. Highland dancing, bagpipe playing and all kinds of Scottish and American sports will be the leading events on the programme, and valuable prizes will be awarded to the winners in the various contests. Arrangements have been made to make this the greatest Caledonian gathering ever held in America. The C. & N. W. R. R. will give first-class accommodations to the immense crowd.

Do Not Experiment in so important a matter as your health. Purify, enrich and vitalize your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla and thus keep yourself strong and healthy.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, cure headache. 25 cents.

An Old Nurse for Children.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

WANTED.

Active, competent agents to sell "Parks' Government Chart," for schools (on civil government), for every county in Illinois. Agents are making from $200 to $300 per month; teachers preferred. Address, P. H. Conet & Co., Topeka, Kas.

ST. CHARLES CHURCH.

Imposing Ceremonies at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the New Catholic Church of St. Charles Borromeo Last Sunday Afternoon.

The Archbishop Officiates—Eloquent Sermon by the Very Rev. Father Morrissey, President of Notre Dame University—A Splendid Edifice.

With all the pomp of surpliced priests and the imposing ritual of the Catholic Church, the corner-stone of the new edifice of St. Charles Borromeo's church was laid last Sunday afternoon. Archbishop Feehan was the central figure of the ceremonies, and, attended by fifty white-robed priests, his commanding figure was the focus of 12,000 eyes. The new church is being built at the corner of West Twelfth and Cypress streets. The threatening clouds that lowered in the sky all day were broken shortly after 1 o'clock, when the procession of priests and acolytes, led by the Archbishop in his robes of office, marched from the parish-house to the main entrance of the church. The brown stone front has been laid to the top of the basement front, and temporary stairs were erected under the massive arched doorway.

On one side of the entrance was festooned the American flag, on the other the green flag of Ireland, emblazoned with the golden harp. From the keystone of the doorway floated another American flag, and the canvas of the improvised altar at the north end of the temporary flooring was bordered with bunting of national colors. A rude wooden cross was erected under the canvas, and the uncompleted Gothic arches of the windows made a graceful setting to the scene. Two thousand people gathered on the floor, and twice that number surrounded the building.

The procession of priests marched to the altar platform, and the venerable Archbishop began the ritual by blessing the temporary altar. The procession was re-formed, and the priests led the way to the southeast corner, where the stone was laid in its place, and three beautiful psalms were chanted by the priests.

In the stone were placed the day's copies of the Chicago newspapers, the history of the parish, the names of the officers and members of the church societies, and the cards of the participating priests.

The Archbishop was assisted in the ceremonies by Rt. Rev. Abbot Jaeger; deacons of honor, Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons, Rev. Edward Kelly; master of ceremonies, Rev. N. J. Mooney, Revs. M. Carney, D. McDonald; cross bearer, James Clancey; acolytes, T. F. Quin, J. J. Kerns; choristers, Rev. J. P. Dore, and Rev. J. F. Callahan.

The stone being placed, the Archbishop blessed it with holy water, and the procession moved around the four walls of the edifice, the Archbishop sprinkling them as he walked, signifying their sanctification to the work of God.

The priests then gathered on the platform and three thousand people listened to the sermon by Rev. Andrew Morrisey, C. S. C., president of the University of Notre Dame. The sermon was a eulogy of the Catholic Church. The speaker reviewed the history of the church, explaining its assertion of being the one true church, and spoke of its sanctification to the good of humanity. He said:

"The church renders unto Cæsar the things which belong to Cæsar. It has ever proven its loyalty to all constitutional authorities and governments. In this land its followers and its leaders have shown their patriotism to the institutions of this free land. The ensanguined fields of battle are crimsoned with the blood of Catholics fighting for the Nation. Catholics have never wavered in their devotion to the country, and have been among the first to respond to her defense. It ill becomes, in these days of enlightenment, at the end of this century, any organization to ostracize the Catholic, and seek to prejudice his citizenship. The church and her people yield to none in their patriotism and their devotion to the institutions of this free Nation."

Among the priests at the corner-stone laying were Rev. Fathers M. N. Barth, H. A. Ryme, F. N. Perry, Thomas Finn, D. J. McCaffrey, James F. Flood, H. P. Coughlin, J. P. Aylvar, J. C. Gillan, M. Thane, Hugh O'Gara, Dennis Hayes, Thomas Quigley, J. F. Lamb, John S. Finn, John J. Code, M. J. M. Dowling, V. G., J. M. Scanlan, P. C. Conway, J. F. Callahan, F. P. Neumann, B. E. Nowakowski, J. C. Welsh, J. F. Kinney, J. P. Suerth, C. J. O'Gallagher, F. Burelbach, Thomas Moreschini, E. J. Fox, Edward H. Kramer, P. A. McLoughlin, Aurora; Thomas M. Burke, Evanston; M. A. Quirk, Ottawa; R. Dunne, Oak Park; D. A. Tighe, F. S. Henneberry, E. M. Griffin, James H. Defouri, V. G., New Mexico; Stanislaus Fitte, C.S.C., Notre Dame University; Andrew Nowikiel, Molitor, Bergeron, Hugh McGuire, O. D. Hishon, John Mackin, Elgin.

The parish of St. Charles Borromeo was created twelve years ago from portions of the parishes of the Holy Family and St. Pius. Its first pastor was Rev. P. D. Gill, who was succeeded last fall by Rev. P. J. Muldoon, the late chancellor of the diocese. He is assisted by Revs. J. J. Jennings, J. A. Coughlin and William Kearney.

Ten years ago the parish church, a two-story building, was erected on Cypress street, near Twelfth, where the schools of the parish and the religious work have been conducted. The new church will be a splendid acquisition to the architecture of Chicago. The principal front will be on Twelfth street, which at that point is a continuation of the West Side boulevard system. The vestibule will be 72 feet long, 14 feet wide and 21 high. The auditorium will have a seating capacity of 1,000 exclusive of the gallery and side chapel.

The sacristies and sanctuary are connected with the parochial residence by a conservatory. The tympanum over the main entrance will contain a sculpture scene from the life of St. Charles. The exterior will be faced with Ashland brown stone, and the interior finish of oak and marble. The tower will be carried to the height of 200 feet. The estimated cost is $100,000 and the church is expected to be completed by Christmas. The congregation is composed 1,200 families.

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

is made for a national body, each State having a separate organization, but governed by uniform rules, and each State organization will govern its own finances and benefit funds. Wives of members of the A. O. H. who are not of Irish descent will be eligible to membership. At 6 o'clock the convention adjourned to allow the delegates to prepare for the banquet.

After the discussion of the reports of the officers in a somewhat desultory fashion, the State President of Michigan announced that all were expected to be present at the banquet at 8 o'clock, and after listening to the reading of the proposed amendments to the constitution and sundry resolutions of the delegates, the convention adjourned until the following morning.

Every delegate hastened to his hotel, and a couple of hours later emerged in sober black attire and white neckties, equipped for any event it might be the pleasure of their Michigan hosts to submit for enjoyment. The immense banquet spread in the auditorium was the point of interest, and with happy mien the visitors crowded into the splendid hall and seated themselves at the well-spread tables, which, for a time, were lost sight of while the guests feasted their eyes on, and expressed their admiration at, the beautiful decorations which bedecked the walls. At equal distances hung the state, territorial and provincial coat-of-arms in well-colored devices, looped between with entwined garlands of flowers and red, white and blue bunting. The girders which spanned the wide roof were hung with myriads of flags of every nationality, but punctuated at intervals with large banners of the American or Irish colors. In the centre of the hall, on a raised platform, sat the Bishop, the National officers and invited speakers of the evening. Festooned with flowers, bunting and flags, flanked with tall palms and girded with collections of rare perfumed flowers from the floor of the hall, the speaker's table seemed a luxurious bower of rare delight, which impression was increased by the pretty faces and bright eyes of the lady songsters, who sat in that point of advantage to see and be seen. On either end, the large galleries were crowded to the wrecking point, and opposite the guests' platform the excellent band of the United States Nineteenth Infantry kept the ear tuned with sweet melody.

But the insistent waiters and the groaning tables claimed attention for evidence that the culinary art is but one, but not least, of the accomplishments of the citizens of fair Detroit. Now and then some sated gourmand would turn to the platform, over which in electric blaze shone the letters "A. O. H.," and beneath, more vivid still, "Caed Mille Failthe," and he would whisper to his comrade, "they mean what they say, those men of Detroit." Eighteen hundred guests surrounded the table, while as many more filled the galleries. The good things discussed, and the clatter of dishes silenced, toastmaster John C. Weadock was introduced by State President McLaughlin, who, in choice words, expressed his pleasure to welcome his brother delegates to the Wolverine State, referring in a merry vein to the recent celebration of the anniversary of the evacuation of the city by the British and its recent auspicious occupation by the Hibernian forces, reminding the visitors that the home of their national chaplain had the latch-string out for all true to the principles of the Order, closing by reiterating the greeting which shone overhead in letters of living fire. He called on Harold Jarvis, who sang as he only can, the "Sword of Bunker Hill." One would think the gleam of the old blade flashed before every eye when the thunders of applause compelled an encore. It was a glorious ovation to the artist and the spirit of his song.

The toastmaster then introduced President O'Connor, who, he said, was best fitted to respond to the sentiments of the toast, "Ancient Order of Hibernians." Mr. O'Connor thanked the Detroit delegation for their hearty reception and said that they had extended a true Irish welcome. He then took up the history of the Order, going back to the time when it was first organized in Ireland, over two hundred years ago, for the purpose of portecting the fathers of their faith from the priest-hunters. Gradually the purpose broadened into extending to each other a helping hand, and when in later years the tide of emigation brought many of the sons of Erin to this country they banded together with the objects of unity, friendship and true Christian fellowship. "That we are true citizens," he said, "is shown by the fact that every member must be a practical Catholic and must give his first duty to God and his second to his country." The speaker then delivered an eloquent plea for Ireland's freedom and expressed the hope that one day it would again be the land of liberty, as it is of the brave. In concluding he said: "This country is attached to every fiber of our heart, and nothing can tear away this loving allegiance. We ask no favor as a class, but will allow no discrimination as such. We are all American citizens, and as such have given to our country our best endeavors. I cannot conclude without a word to the ladies' auxiliary. God bless the ladies and welcome them to our ranks."

"The Wearing of the Green" was sung by Mr. John Manning and then Bishop Foley was introduced to respond to the toast, "Relation of the Order to the Church." As he advanced to the front of the platform everyone stood up and cheered. "The relation," he said, "cannot be better illustrated than by looking at this scene with a bishop and many of the clergy present. Our objects are of the most sacred character and we are banded together for a purpose which must appeal to everyone who carries in his breast the spark of patriotism." The bishop then gave an explanation of principles of the Order and said that though attempts had formerly been made to drag it down, that time was passed forever. Bishop Foley concluded in a thrilling manner. He said that on such an occasion he desired to pay homage to the land of his fathers and at the same time he challenged any one to show a more devoted follower of the Stars and Stripes.

Mrs. Joseph Kilroy admirably sang "Dear Little Shamrock" in excellent style, and Hon. W. C. Maybury spoke on "The Irish-American Citizen." Mr. Maybury's speech was a gem, an after-dinner speech par excellence, short, brilliant, sparkling with wit of purest water. It was indeed a favor to listen to so gifted a tongue.

Mr. Thomas W. Condon, having sung in splendid voice, the "Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," the toast-master introduced Mr. Maurice Wilhere, who responded to the toast, "The University Chair at Washington," with that peculiar knowledge of the subject with which he is gifted. His hearers learned much they were ignorant of before that night, and the speaker's national fame as an orator gained new renown. The honor of establishing the fund for such a chair he said belonged to Hon. Thomas A. E. Weadock, of Michigan, and its successful completion was a tribute to the worth and patriotism of the humble members of the Order. Judge Wilhere spoke eloquently of the sacrifices of the Irish race on behalf of learning, and showed the part they had taken in building up the literature and sciences of other lands. At the conclusion he was loudly applauded.

Dr. F. H. Grousel sang "Killarney," and O'Brien J. Atkinson of Port Huron, responded ably to the toast "The United States."

The toast, "The Irish-American," was responded to by Hon. M. A. McHugh of Windsor, Ont., and after a solo by Miss Mary Dunn, who sang "Last Rose of Summer," some nice things were said about the ladies by Alfred J. Murphy. A duet was rendered by Messrs. Condon and Manning, and the banquet came to a close with three rousing cheers for the A. O. H. and Detroit, allowing the delegates to retire and prepare for the morrow's work.

The following National officers were elected: President, P. J. O'Connor, Savannah, Ga., to succeed himself; Vice-President, John C. Weadock, Bay City, Mich.; Secretary, James O'Sullivan, Philadelphia, Pa., to succeed M. J. Slattery, of Albany; Treasurer, T. J. Dundon, Columbus, Ohio, to succeed himself; Chaplain, Bishop Foley, Detroit.

Mr. John T. Keating, of Illinois, was placed in nomination for President by Delegate Mooney, of Ohio, but Mr. Keating immediately withdrew his name.

We are obliged to hold over for next issue, on account of pressure on our space, the platform adopted and other important matter.

Before the Convention adjourned, on motion, the amount needed to complete the $50,000 donated by the Ancient Order for the Gaelic chair at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., was telegraphed to Monsignore Kain. This was the greatest triumph of the Convention. ER.

NEY'S EXECUTION.

"A Family Record of Ney's Execution," written by Mme. Campan, is contributed to the July Century by a relative of this lady, George Clinton Genet of Greenbush, N. Y. Mr. Genet, in a preparatory note, says: An absurd attempt has been made recently to prove in a published volume that Ney was not shot in 1815, but escaped to America, and became a schoolmaster in North Carolina, where he lately died. An alleged facsimile of his writing is given in the book, as well as one of the writings of the old French cavalryman who, it is alleged, when drunk on a certain occasion, declared himself to be the Duke of Elchingen. The writing which it is claimed is the genuine writing of the marshal seems doubtful when compared with that known to be his, and the assumed similarity betweeen that and the writing of the old French soldier of North Carolina is inconceivable. It is absurd to suppose that Ney should have proclaimed himself to be the Duke of Elchingen, since at the time of his execution he was Prince of Moskowa, and no longer Duke of Elchingen.

It is impossible that, as is asserted in the book referred to, Ney should have consented to the subterfuge of being fired at by muskets charged with powder alone, and after falling and pretending to be dead, should have suffered himself to be carried into exile in a strange land. At the battle of Waterloo Ney vainly sought death wherever the battle was fiercest. With an army of sixty thousand men still left, he capitulated under the walls of Paris, upon condition of general amnesty of offenses both civil and military. These terms were basely violated, and to satisfy the clamor of the returned aristocrats of the old regime, Ney was executed. Wellington could have prevented this crime after the condemnation by the chamber of peers, but did not, for reasons best known to himself. Ney was offered an opportunity to escape, but refused. He asked the soldiers to fire at his heart, and they did.

Moreover, at the time when it is claimed that Ney was concealing himself in North Carolina, Joseph Bonaparte was living at Bordentown, and his house and his fortune would have been at Ney's disposal. Moreover, after the fall of the Bourbons there would have been no reason why Ney should have not returned to France. In 1832 Eugene Ney, his third son, visited the United States, and went to the house of his kinsmen Genet, who resided on the Hudson near Albany, but never heard of this alleged Duke of Elchingen. It is useless to follow these absurdities further. Ney is buried in Pere la Chaise at Paris, with two of his sons and his brother-in-law Gamot. A plain slab marks the place. On the spot where he was executed stands a monument erected by the French government.

Catholic Summer School Opens.

St. Raphael's church of Madison, Wis., was filled to overflowing last Sunday morning, on the occasion of the formal opening of the second session of the Roman Catholic summer school. Pontifical mass was celebrated with Archbishop Katzer, of Milwaukee, as celebrant; Rev. Alois Zitterl, of the Holy Redeemer church of Madison, assistant priest; Rev. E. J. Conaty, of Grand Forks, N. D., deacon; Rev. E. Murphy, of Philadelphia, subdeacon, and Rev. J. M. Naughtin, pastor of St. Raphael's, master of ceremonies. Bishop Messmer preached the sermon, taking as his subject, "Faith and Reason." The musical service by the choir was especially fine. In the evening pontifical vespers were sung at St. Raphael's church by Bishop Messmer. The regular work of the summer school began at 9 o'clock Monday morning at the Fuller opera house, where the sessions are to be held, with a lecture by the Rev. P. J. Danehy, of St. Paul, on "The Gospel Testimony to the Resurrection of Christ is Irrefragible." At 10:30 o'clock Bishop O'Gorman, of Sioux Falls, N. D., gave an address on "The Conspectus of Spanish Missions." These were the only lectures of the opening day. At 4 in the afternoon the reading conference met, and in the evening an informal reception was held in the Fuller Opera house, for which a literary and musical programme was rendered. There was also an address by Bishop Messmer, who is president of the school. There are few arrivals yet, but an attendance double that of last year, which was 2,000, is expected.

New Catholic Church at Toluca.

Bishop Spalding and Vicar-General Reilly, of Peoria, dedicated the new Roman Catholic church at Toluca, Ill., last Sunday. The heavy rains kept the attendance much below what was expected. Solemn high mass was celebrated by Vicar-General Reilly, assisted by six clergymen from neighboring parishes, after which the dedicatory sermon was preached by Bishop Spalding. The bishop preached one of his characteristically bright sermons, and took for his theme "The Necessity of Individual Purity." The bishop congratulated the parish on completing the building, and dedicating it practically free from debt. The church is of brick, and has an interior finish of unusual beauty. A class of fifty was confirmed after the dedicatory services, including several converts to the faith. Vicar-General Reilly lectured in the church in the evening.

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I have an ice cream freezer that will freeze cream instantly. The cream is put into the freezer and comes out instantly, smooth and perfectly frozen. This astonishes people and a crowd will gather to see the freezer in operation and they will all want to try the cream. You can sell cream as fast as it can be made, and sell freezers to many of them who would not buy an old style freezer. It is really a curiosity and you can sell from $5 to $8 worth of cream and six to twelve freezers every day. This makes a good profit these hard times and is a pleasant employment. W. H. Baird & Co., 140 S. Highland avenue, Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., will send you full particulars and information in regard to this new invention on application and will employ good salesmen on salary.

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LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

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☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Harvest Excursions.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, and October 6, 20, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. and most of the eastern railroads will sell Excursion tickets at very low rates to the farm lands and principal cities of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other western sections have produced this year. See that your ticket reads via Burlington Route. Send for a pamphlet (no charge) about western farm lands to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

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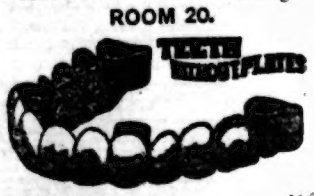
ROOM 20.



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Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
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Telephone Main 4056. CHICAGO.

First National Bank
OF CHICAGO.

Statement of condition at close of business July 14, 1896.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts		$17,502,575.40
Bank building and other real estate		500,000.00
United States bonds (par value)		248,100.00
Other bonds (market value)		1,400,528.00
Cash Resources:		
Due from banks (Eastern exchange)	$3,792,604.84	
Checks for clearing house	1,114,849.57	
Cash on hand	6,448,699.53	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	42,250.00	
		11,398,403.94
		$31,069,607.34

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	2,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	177,714.38
Deposits	25,891,892.96
	$31,069,607.34

OFFICERS.

LYMAN J. GAGE, Prest.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
FRANK E. BROWN, 2d Asst. Cash.

DIRECTORS.

S. M. NICKERSON, S. W. ALLERTON,
F. D. GRAY, NELSON MORRIS,
R. C. NICKERSON, EUGENE S. PIKE,
F. F. LAWRENCE, A. A. CARPENTER,
NORMAN B. REAM, L. J. GAGE,
JAMES B. FORGAN.

CONDENSED REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE

National Bank of Illinois,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, July 14, 1896.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 9,564,789.09
Overdrafts		15,359.13
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
Other bonds		215,430.00
Real estate		92,743.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
CASH ASSETS—		
Cash	$2,906,536.63	
Due from banks and bankers	1,868,922.35	
Exchanges for clearing-house	507,193.97	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	2,600.00	
		5,305,252.95
Total		$15,145,844.17

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund	1,000,000.00
Undivided profits	305,725.47
National bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Dividends unpaid	2,079.00
Deposits—	
Individual	$8,675,401.41
Deposits, banks	4,117,638.29
	12,793,039.70
Total	$15,145,844.17

OFFICERS:

GEORGE SCHNEIDER, President.
WALTER L. PECK, Vice-President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, 2d Vice-President.
CARL MOLL, Cashier.
HENRY D. FIELD, Assistant Cashier.
HENRY R. KENT, 2d Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

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S. B. COBB, WALTER L. PECK,
CHAS. R. CORWITH, AUG. S. CAMPBELL.
WM. A. HAMMOND, GEO. SCHNEIDER,
ROBT. E. JENKINS, PAUL JUERGENS,
WM. D. KERFOOT.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE

Chicago National Bank,

At the close of Business, July 14, 1896.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts		$3,944,232.69
Overdrafts		14,674.51
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		824,185.91
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash on hand	$2,223,300.13	
Due from banks	1,365,909.64	
Checks for Clearings	177,498.25	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	19,250.00	
		3,785,958.02
Total		$8,319,071.13

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$500,000.00
Surplus fund	500,000.00
Undivided profits	107,373.59
Dividends unpaid	381.00
Bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits	$5,662,802.75
Due banks	1,483,513.79
	7,166,316.54
Total	$8,319,071.13

DIRECTORS:

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C. K. G. BILLINGS, WM. BEST,
ANDREW M'NALLY, JOHN M. SMYTH,
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J. R. WALSH, President.
ANDREW MCNALLY, Vice-President.
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GREAT
AMNESTY MEETING

In Behalf of the Irish and Irish-American Political Prisoners Now Confined in British Penitentiaries,

To Be Held Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies at

BATTERY D ARMORY

ON

Saturday, July 25, 1896,

AT 8 P. M.

JOHN F. FINERTY Will Preside.

THE FOLLOWING SPEAKERS WILL ADDRESS THE MEETING:

HON. SHELBY M. CULLOM,
HON. LUTHER LAFLIN MILLS,
HON. M. T. MALONEY,
HON. JOHN P. ALTGELD,
REV. EMIL G. HIRSCH,
COL. MARCUS KAVANAUGH,
HON. JOSEPH P. MAHONEY.

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YOUNG CORPORAL JIM.

[As told by a veteran.]

'Twas down in the valley in sixty-four,
Just one year ere the war was o'er,
That young Jim joined us, gallant and gay,
As a full fledged private in old Troop K.
His eyes were as big and as bright as a girl's,
And close to his head crept his short tawny curls,
And his figure was graceful and lithe and slim
As a willow that grows near the river's brim.
He was only a lad, not beyond eighteen,
But the things that he knew and sights he had seen
Were marvelous even to soldiers old,
And though gentle in nature his spirit was bold.
So they made him a corporal so gallant and gay,
And he carried the guidon in old Troop K.

'Twas a close June morning, the east just gray
With the faintest glimmer of breaking day;
The trumpets were sounding the reveille,
When off to the north, like a surging sea,
Came the rattle of muskets, the rolling of drums,
And "To arms!" sang the trumpets. "To arms, the foe comes!"

'Twas the prettiest fight, sir, you ever did see,
Though from where we lay low in reserve with Troop B
It seemed that the Johnnies were having their way
Till the general sent word for a charge by Troop K.
"Prepare to mount, mount!" just as cool as at drill.
"Trot!" "Gallop!" then "Charge!" and we rode for the hill.
At the very first volley both officers dropped.
For a moment we wavered, we almost were stopped,
When just like a flash to the front young Jim popped,
Waved the guidon on high while we all held our breath,
And then like a hero rode straight to his death.
Did we carry the place? Just you read the report
That Phil Sheridan made to the point, sharp and short:
"While the troops all fought well, the event of the day
Was the taking of Mound Hill by galloping K."
And Jim, yes, we found him quite close to the hill—
Shot clean through the head, sir—all quiet and still.
Just clasping the guidon, he lay on the sod,
His young bonny face turned straight up to his God.
We buried him close to the spot where he fell
From that death dealing shower of bullets and shell.
We gave him a headboard—the best that we could:
Not much 'twas to look at—of unpainted wood,
But one fellow, a poet, wrote this on the board,
"Corp'l Jim, who died game in his boots, and the Lord."

—T. H. Wilson, in New York Sun.

REBEL IN THE WOODS.

When the ablebodied citizens of the village formed a company and marched away to the war, Major Tom Boldin assumed in a manner the burden of the village cares. Everybody ran to him when they felt obliged to discuss their affairs. The sorrows of the town were dragged before him. His little bench at the sunny side of Migglesville tavern became a sort of an open court where people came to speak resentfully of their grievances. He accepted his position and struggled manfully under the load. It behooved him as a man who had seen the sky red over the quaint low cities of Mexico and the compact northern bayonets gleaming on the narrow roads.

One warm summer day the major sat asleep on his little bench. There was a lull in the tempest of discussion which usually enveloped him. His cane, by use of which he could make the most tremendous and impressive gestures, reposed beside him. His hat lay upon the bench, and his old bald head had swung forward until his nose actually touched the first button of his waistcoat.

The sparrows wrangled desperately in the road, defying perspiration. Once a team went jangling and creaking past, raising a yellow blur of dust before the soft tones of the field and sky. In the long grass of the meadow across the road the insects chirped and clacked eternally.

Suddenly a frowzy headed boy appeared in the roadway, his bare feet pattering rapidly. He was extremely excited. He gave a shrill whoop as he discovered the sleeping major and rushed toward him. He created a terrific panic among some chickens that had been scratching intently near the major's feet. They clamored in an insanity of fear and rushed hither and thither seeking a way of escape, whereas in reality all ways lay open to them.

This tumult caused the major to arouse with a sudden little jump of amazement and apprehension. He rubbed his eyes and gazed about him. Meanwhile some clever chicken had discovered a passage to safety and led the flock into the garden, where they squawked in sustained alarm.

Panting from his run and choked with terror, the little boy stood before the major, struggling with a tale that was ever upon the tip of his tongue.

"Major—now—major"—

The old man, roused from a delicious slumber, glared impatiently at the little boy.

"Come, come! What's th' matter with yeh?" he demanded. "What's th' matter? Don't stand there shaking. Speak up!"

"Lot's is th' matter," the little boy shouted valiantly, with a courage born of the importance of his tale. "My ma's chickens 'us all stole, an now—he's over in the woods!"

"Who is? Who is over in the woods? Go ahead!"

"Now—th' rebel is!"

"What?" roared the major.

"Th' rebel!" cried the little boy with the last breath.

The major bounced from his bench in tempestuous excitement. He seized the little boy by the collar and gave him a great jerk.

"Where? Are yeh sure? Who saw 'im? How long ago? Where is he now? Did yeh see 'im?"

The little boy, frightened at the major's fury, began to sob. After a moment he managed to stammer:

"He's now—he's in the woods! I saw 'im! He looks uglier'n anything!"

The major released his hold upon the boy, and, pausing for a time, indulged in a glorious dream.

"By thunder, we'll ketch the cuss! Yeh wait here," he told the boy, "an don't say a word t' anybody. Do yeh hear?"

The boy, still weeping, nodded, and the major hurriedly entered the inn. He took down from its pegs an awkward, smoothbore rifle and carefully examined the enormous percussion cap that was fitted over the nipple. Mistrusting the cap, he removed it and replaced it with a new one. He scrutinized the gun keenly, as if he could judge in this manner of the condition of the load. All his movements were deliberate and deadly.

When he arrived upon the porch of the tavern, he beheld the yard filled with people. Peter Witheby, sooty faced and grinning, was in the van. He looked at the major.

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" returned the major, bridling.

"Well, what's 'che got?" said old Peter.

"'Got?' Got a rebel over in th' woods!" roared the major.

At this sentence the women and boys who had gathered eagerly about him gave vent to startled cries. The women had come from adjacent houses, but the little boys represented the entire village. They had miraculously heard the first whisper of rumor, and they performed wonders in getting to the spot. They clustered around the important figure of the major and gazed in silent awe. The women, however, burst forth. At the word "rebel," which represented to them all the terrible things, they deluged the major with questions, which were obviously unanswerable.

He shook them off with violent impatience. Meanwhile Peter Witheby was trying to force exasperating interrogations through the tumult to the major's ears.

"What? No! Yes! How d' I know?" the maddened veteran snarled, as he struggled with his friends. "No! Yes! What? How in thunder d' I know?"

Upon the steps of the tavern the landlady sat, weeping forlornly.

At last the major broke through the crowd and went to the roadway. There, as they all streamed after him, he turned and faced them.

"Now, look a-here! I don't know any more about this than yeh do," he told them forcibly. "All that I know is that there's a rebel over in Smith's woods, an all I know is that I'm a-goin after 'im."

"But hol on a minnet," said old Peter. "How do yeh know he's a rebel?"

"I know he is," cried the major. "Don't yeh think I know what a rebel is?"

Then, with a gesture of disdain at the babbling crowd, he marched determinedly away, his rifle held in the hollow of his arm. At this heroic moment a new clamor arose, half admiration, half dismay. Old Peter hobbled after the major, continually repeating:

"Hol on a minnet."

The little boy who had given the alarm was the center of a throng of lads, who gazed with envy and awe, discovering in him a new quality. He held forth to them eloquently. The women started after the figure of the major and old Peter, his pursuer. Jerozel Bronson, a half witted lad, who comprehended nothing save an occasional genial word, leaned against the fence and grinned like a skull. The major and the pursuer passed out of view around the turn in the road where the great maples lazily shook off the dust that lay on their leaves.

For a moment the little group of women listened intently, as if they expected to hear a sudden shot and cries from the distance. They looked at each other, their lips a little ways apart. The trees sighed softly in the heat of the summer sun. The insects in the meadow continued their monotonous humming, and somewhere a hen had been stricken with fear and was cackling loudly.

Finally Mrs. Goodwin said:

"Well, I'm goin to th' turn o' th' road anyhow." Mrs. Willetts and Mrs. Joe Peterson, her particular friends, cried out at this temerity, but she said: "Well, I'm goin anyhow."

She called Bronson.

"Come on, Jerozel. Yeh're a man, an if he should chase us why yeh mus' pitch inteh 'im. Hey?"

Bronson always obeyed everybody. He grinned an assent and went with her down the road.

A little boy attempted to follow them, but a shrill scream from his mother made him halt.

The remaining women stood motionless, their eyes fixed upon Mrs. Goodwin and Jerozel. Then at last one gave a laugh of triumph at her conquest of caution and fear and cried:

"Well, I'm goin too!"

Another instantly said, "So am I." There began a general movement. Some of the little boys had already ventured a hundred feet away from the main body, and at this unanimous advance they spread out ahead in little groups. Some recounted terrible stories of rebel ferocity. Their eyes were large with excitement. The whole thing, with its possible danger, had for them a delicious element. Johnnie Peterson, who could whip any boy present, explained what he would do in case the enemy should pounce out at him.

The familiar scene suddenly assumed a new aspect. The field of corn which met the road upon the left was no longer a mere field of corn. It was a darkly mystic place whose recesses could contain all manner of dangers. The long green leaves waving in the breeze rustled from the passing of men. In the song of the insects there were now omens, now threats.

There was a warning in the enamel blue of the sky, in the stretch of yellow road, in the very atmosphere. Above the tops of the corn loomed the distant foliage of Smith's woods, curtaining the silent action of a tragedy whose horrors they imagined.

The women and the little boys came to a halt, overwhelmed by the impressiveness of the landscape. They waited silently.

Mrs. Goodwin suddenly said:

"I'm goin back."

The others, who all wished to return, cried at once disdainfully:

"Well, go back, if yeh want to."

A cricket at the roadside exploded suddenly in his shrill song, and a woman who had been standing near shrieked in startled terror. An electric movement went through the group of women. They jumped and gave vent to sudden screams. With the fear still upon their agitated faces, they turned to berate the one who had shrieked.

"My, what a goose yeh are, Sallie! Why, it took my breath away. Goodness sakes, don't holler like that again."

* * * * * * *

"Hol on a minnet," Peter Witheby was crying to the major as the latter, full of the importance and dignity of his position as protector of Migglesville, paced forward swiftly. The veteran already felt upon his brow a wreath formed of the flowers of gratitude, and as he strode he was absorbed in planning a calm and self contained manner of wearing it. "Hol on a minnet," piped old Peter in the rear.

At last the major, aroused from his dream of triumph, turned about wrathfully.

"Well, what?"

"Now look a-here," said Peter. "What 'che goin to do?"

The major, with a gesture of supreme exasperation, wheeled again and went on. When he arrived at the cornfield, he halted and waited for Peter. He suddenly felt that indefinable menace in the landscape.

"Well?" demanded Peter, panting.

The major's eyes wavered a trifle.

"Well," he repeated. "Well, I'm goin in there an bring out that there rebel."

They both paused and studied the gently swaying mass of corn, and behind them the looming woods, sinister with possible secrets.

"Well," said old Peter.

The major moved uneasily and put his hand to his brow. Peter waited in obvious expectation.

The major moved through the grass at the roadside and climbed the fence. He put both his legs over the topmost rail and then sat perched there, facing the woods. Once he turned his head and asked:

"Well?"

"I hain't said anything," answered Peter.

The major clambered down from the fence and went slowly into the corn, his gun held in readiness. Peter stood in the road.

Presently the major returned and said in a cautious whisper:

"If yeh hear anythin, yeh come a-runnin, will yeh?"

"Well, I hain't got no gun ner nuthin," said Peter in the same low tone. "What good 'ud I do?"

"Well, yeh might come along with me an watch," said the major. "Four eyes is better'n two."

"If I had a gun"— began Peter.

"Oh, yeh don't need no gun," interrupted the major, waving his hand. "All I'm afraid of is that I won't find 'im. My eyes ain't so good as they was."

"Well"—

"Come along," whispered the major. "Yeh hain't afraid, are yeh?"

"No, but"—

"Well, come along then. What's th' matter with yeh?"

Peter climbed the fence. He paused on the top rail and took a prolonged stare at the inscrutable woods. When he joined the major in the cornfield, he said, with a touch of anger:

"Well, yeh got the gun. Remember that. If he comes for me, I hain't got a blame thing."

"Shucks!" answered the major. "He hain't a-goin t' come for yeh."

The two then began a wary journey through the corn. One by one the long aisles between the rows appeared as they glanced along each of them. It seemed as if some grewsome thing had just previously vacated it. Old Peter halted once and whispered:

"Say, look a-here, supposin—supposin"—

"Supposin what?" demanded the major.

"Supposin"— said Peter. "Well, remember, you got th' gun, an I hain't got anythin."

"Thunder!" said the major.

When they got to where the stalks were very short because of the shade cast by the trees of the wood, they halted again. The leaves were gently swishing in the breeze. Before them stretched the mystic green wall of the forest, and there seemed to be in it eyes which followed each of their movements.

Peter at last said:

"I don't believe there's anybody there."

"Yes, there is, too," said the major. "I'll bet anythin he's there."

"How d' yeh know?" asked Peter. "I'll bet he ain't within a mile o' here."

The major suddenly ejaculated:

"Listen!"

They bent forward, scarce breathing, their mouths agape, their eyes glinting.

Finally the major turned his head.

"Did yeh hear that?" he said hoarsely.

"No," said Peter in a low voice. "What was it?"

The major listened for a moment. Then he turned again:

"I thought I heered somebody holler," he explained cautiously.

They both bent forward and listened once more. Peter, in the intenseness of his attitude, lost his balance and was obliged to lift his foot hastily and with noise.

"S-s-sh," hissed the major.

After a minute Peter spoke quite loudly:

"Oh, chucks! I don't believe yeh heered anythin."

The major made a frantic downward gesture with his hand.

"Shet up, will yeh?" he said in an angry undertone.

Peter became silent for a moment, but presently he said again:

"Oh, yeh didn't hear anythin."

The major turned to glare at his companion in despair and wrath.

"What's th' matter with yeh? Can't yeh shet up?"

"Oh, this here hain't no use. If ye're goin in after 'im, why don't yeh go in after 'im?"

"Well, gimme time, can't yeh?" said the major in a growl. And as if to add more to this reproach he climbed the fence that compassed the woods, looking resentfully back at his companion.

"Well?" said Peter when the major paused.

The major stepped down upon the thick carpet of brown leaves that stretched under the trees. He turned then to whisper:

"Yeh wait here, will yeh?" His face was red with determination.

"Well, hol on a minnet," said Peter. "You—I—we'd better"—

"No," said the major. "Yeh wait here."

He went stealthily into the thicket. Peter watched him until he grew to be a vague, slow moving shadow. From time to time he could hear the leaves crackle and twigs snap under the major's awkward tread. Peter, intent, breathless, waited for the peal of sudden tragedy. Finally the woods grew silent in a solemn and impressive hush that caused Peter to hear the thumping of his heart. He began to look about him to make sure that nothing could spring upon him from the somber shadows. He scrutinized this cool gloom before him, and at times he thought he could perceive the moving of swift, silent shapes. He concluded that he had better try to muster some assistance to the major.

As Peter came through the corn the women in the road caught sight of the glittering figure and screamed. Many of them began to run. The little boys, with all their valor, scurried away in clouds. Mrs. Joe Peterson, however, cast a glance over her shoulders as she, with her skirts gathered up, was running as best she could. She instantly stopped, and in tones of deepest scorn called out to the others:

"Why, it's on'y Pete Witheby."

They came faltering back then, those who had been naturally swiftest in the race avoiding the eyes of those whose limbs had enabled them to flee only a short distance.

Peter came rapidly, appreciating the glances of vivid interest in the eyes of the women. To their lightninglike questions, which hit all sides of the episode, he opposed a new tranquillity, gained from his sudden ascent in importance. He made no answer to their clamor. When he had reached the top of the fence, he called out commandingly:

"Here, you, Johnnie, you and George run an git my gun. It's hangin on th' pegs over th' bench in th' shop."

At this terrible sentence a shuddering cry broke from the women. The boys named sped down the road, accompanied by a retinue of envious companions.

Peter swung his legs over the rail and faced the woods again. He twisted his head once to say: "Keep still, can't yeh? Quit scufflin aroun." They could see by his manner that this was a supreme moment. The group became motionless and still. Later Peter turned to say, "Sh!" to a restless boy, and the air with which he said it smote them all with awe.

The little boys who had gone after the gun came pattering along hurriedly, the weapon borne in the midst of them. Each was anxious to share in the honor. The one who had been delegated to bring it was bullying and directing his comrades.

Peter said, "Sh!" He took the gun and poised it, in readiness to sweep the cornfield. He scowled at the boys and whispered angrily: "Why didn't yeh bring th' powder horn an th' thing with th' bullets in? I told yeh t' bring 'em. I'll send somebody else next time."

"Yeh didn't tell us," cried the two boys shrilly.

"Sh! Quit yer noise," said Peter, with a violent gesture.

However, this reproof enabled other boys to recover that peace of mind which they had lost when seeing their friends loaded with honors.

The women had cautiously approached the fence and from time to time whispered feverish questions, but Peter repulsed them savagely, with an air of being infinitely bothered by their interference in his intent watch. They were forced to listen again in silence to the weird and prophetic chanting of the insects and the mystic silken rustling of the corn.

At last the thud of scurrying feet in the soft soil of the field came to their ears. A dark form sped toward them. A wave of a mighty fear swept over the group, and the screams of the women came hoarsely from their choked throats. Peter swung madly from his perch and turned to use the fence as a rampart.

But it was the major. His face was inflamed, and his eyes were glaring. He clutched his rifle by the middle and swung it wildly. He was bounding at a great speed for his fat, short body.

"It's all right; it's all right!" he began to yell, some distance away. "It's all right! It's on'y ole Milt Jacoby."

When he arrived at the top of the fence, he paused and mopped his brow.

"What?" they thundered in an agony of sudden, unreasoning disappointment.

Mrs. Joe Peterson, who was a distant connection of Milton Jacoby, thought to forestall any damage to her social position by saying at once disdainfully:

"Drunk, I s'pose."

"Yep," said the major, still on the fence and mopping his brow. "Drunk as a fool. Thunder, I was surprised! I—I thought it was a rebel sure."

The thoughts of all these women wavered for a time. They were at a loss for precise expression of their emotion. At last, however, they hurled this one superior sentence at the major:

"Well, yeh might have known."—Stephen Crane.

A Boy's View.

"Mamma," asked the little boy, "what does this story mean by talking about a great-grandmother? Ain't all grandmothers great?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE POWER OF SONG.

HOW IT PUT A STRANDED MINSTREL ON HIS FEET.

A Georgia Negro Found Little Appreciation of His Melodies In London Till He Had the Good Fortune to Meet a Party of Southern Gentlemen.

"As an illustration of the sentiment awakened by the old songs that belong to the southland," said a Virginian in the corridor of the Grand hotel the other day, "I want to relate the story of an incident that came under my observation while I was in London eight or nine years ago.

"I was a stranger, and the prospect was not a pleasant one, but I happened to see the name of a man from my own state on the hotel register and although I did not know him determined to send my card to his room. Then a happy thought struck me, and I hunted up all the southerners who were stopping at the house and running a sprig of mint through a number of cards sent the hallboy to deliver them. A half hour later eight men—two from Virginia, four from Kentucky, one from Georgia and two from Louisiana—lined up before the bar, and, well, the friendship thus formed lasted through the week, and a few evenings before my steamer was to sail the party was augmented by five more from the new world, who were gathered around a table in a comfortable cafe partaking of a farewell supper.

"In the midst of the noise and laughter no one noticed an aged negro who entered and stole quietly to one corner of the room. Placing his hat on the floor, he swung his guitar into position and attracted our attention by striking a few preliminary chords. Then in a sweet, melodious baritone, he began to sing 'Ella Rea.' Glasses were placed quietly on the table, the noise and laughter ceased, and we all were thinking alike—of home.

"I know I was, for there was a lump in my throat as big as a yam.

"The musician followed with 'Belinda May:'

"Lovely Belinda, Belinda, Belinda,
My sweet Belinda May,
I could work in the fields
And be happy all the day
If you would only smile on me,
My sweet Belinda May.

"And then the guitar spoke softly for a moment, and I fancied the old fellow's voice quavered with emotion as the sweet strains of 'My Old Kentucky Home' flooded the room with a mist of tender memories.

"The hat was filled in a moment, paper money, silver and gold pieces were fairly showered in it, the recipient looking on in amazement. At last he broke out with:

"'Bress Gaud, gen'l'men! You all must come frum home. Yes, seh, gen'l'men, I knows you do, 'cause dey don' do no sech things as dis yeah in dis country.'

"'Where do you come from, uncle?' asked some one, 'and how do you happen to be away out here?'

"'Lemme tell you, gen'l'men. I come from Geo'gia, an I was bo'n in Atlanta. You see, I kin sing tol'able well, an one day a Yankee gen'l'man came down our way, an he say as how he want to get some culled folks to trabble in Europe in a sort o' minstrel company. Wull, seh, he done tell we all how much money we gwine get, so me an some of de young folks go 'long wid him. He takes us to England fust, but de business ain' no good nohow, so he try Paris, an at las' we go to Germany. Things kepter gittin wuss, an so one mo'nin we wake up an fin we all ain' got no manager an no money nuther.'

"'Mos' ob de young bucks dey gits a chance to do waitin an sech, but de ole man jus' been workin his way roun de kentry singin songs dat nobody seems to wanter heah nohow.

"'Soon as I see you gen'l'men tu'n roun an lis'en dis evenin I know right erway you all must come frum home, an I wanter thank you gen'l'men, deed an I does. Grechious! I ain' see so much money in my life befo'. Gen'l'men, do you low der's 'nuff money dere to git de ole man back home?'

"Well, there's not much more to tell, only the following Saturday saw the old fellow on one of the big steamers, with his passage paid to America and enough money to carry him safely back to his old home in Georgia."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Governor Altgeld.

"There is an incident in Governor Altgeld's life," says the Chicago Record, "which is not generally known. Having no money to pay car fare or hire horses, he walked from Mansfield, O., to Savannah, Mo., and when he arrived at the bank of the Mississippi river he had just 15 cents in his pocket. He paid 5 cents for his own fare across the ferry and 5 more for a fellow traveler who was 'broke.' The rest of his capital was invested in a sheet of paper, an envelope and a postage stamp, which were used to tell the girl he left behind him that he had reached that point in his westward journey, and that his heart was true to her."

Victoria and Racing.

The first telegram dispatched from Epsom downs after the victory of Persimmon was one addressed to the queen at Balmoral, announcing the prince of Wales' victory. Her majesty immediately wired back her cordial congratulations to the prince, and her telegram was handed to him on the course. This would seem to indicate that Queen Victoria does not view horse racing with such horror as certain of her subjects have tried to make people believe.—London Correspondence.

Puzzled.

He (as they came out of the restaurant at 11:30 p. m.)—I've got just a dollar to last me until Saturday night.

She—What on earth is it, dear, that eats up your salary so fast?—Yonkers Statesman.

GUANAJUATO'S CEMETERY.

A Queer Block of Stone Crypts on a Mountain Side—Coffins For Rent.

P. H. Mack of Inyo county, who is engaged, with Patrick Reddy, in some mining enterprises in the strange little state of Guanajuato, Mexico, 1,000 miles below El Paso, tells a remarkable story of the queer burial customs in the ancient city of Guanajuato, the capital of the little state, a place 350 years old. It is at the old city, in the heart of Mexico, where the burying ground is, that Mr. Mack is interested in the mining enterprise alluded to.

"The burying ground is on a high point of a mountain near the town," said he, "and is nearly 100 yards square. It is inclosed by a wall 12 feet in height and 8 feet thick, and in the walls are pigeonholelike places, or crypts, for the bodies.

"When a man dies, his relatives can, on the payment of $40, get him put in one of these crypts. The ends are sealed up, and he is allowed to stay there for five years. At the end of that time, if the relatives come forward and pay $100 more, the remains are allowed to remain there perpetually. If, however, the relatives have died, moved away or fail to put up the $100, the remains are taken out, carted away and put into a great yard near at hand, where remains have in like manner accumulated and where bones now lie 20 feet deep. There is a flight of steps leading down into a passageway which is 300 feet long. At the end of this passageway is a great excavation for the cast off bones. It is here that they are piled to such an immense depth.

"There are to be seen arms, legs, skulls and other bones at pleasure or to your horror, just as you take it. Not many Americans have ever been there, and of those who have, including some lady tourists, a number have fainted outright. The sight was too much for their nerves.

"There is a potter's field aside from all this as a part of the burying ground already told about, and this consists of a trench in which bodies are buried three deep without any kind of coffin.

"This being a burying ground and managed by the authorities, the coffins that are used are owned by the municipality, and it simply rents the coffin for use till the body is stowed away in the crypt told about awhile ago. The coffins are used over and over, and one of them may have previously had 20 bodies in it. It is kept as any other receptacle would be and is used as long as it will last.

"There is another adjunct to this remarkable burying ground. It is this: At the bottom of the stairs, on both sides of the 300 foot passageway, which is more properly a tunnel, are mummified bodies. They are sealed up in the holes on each side, and they dry up in such a way as to be preserved. An American down there managed to steal one of these bodies, as he thought it would be quite a curiosity to exhibit. He got the body out in some way and got clear to Guadalajara with it before he was discovered and brought back.

"The town of Guanajuato was founded in 1545. At one time it had 90,000 inhabitants, but now it has 50,000. You can imagine the vast number of deaths that must have occurred in this ancient town since it was started, and this is the only burying ground they have. The deceased citizens have all been stowed away there."—San Francisco Call.

The Otaheite Orange.

Among the many charming plants of recent introduction the Otaheite orange is most unique. With its dark, glossy, green foliage alone, it is a plant of unusual beauty, but when, in addition, it loads itself with true, fragrant orange blossoms, followed by a profusion of bright, miniature oranges, it constitutes a beautiful specimen indeed. It is a dwarf orange, and a plant not more than six inches high will bloom and fruit in a three inch pot. I have one not more than 10 months old as thrifty as an oak, blooming and fruiting in a five inch pot, and likely to remain in its present quarters for some time to come, as it is far from being root bound. It blooms most freely during winter, and for this reason should be well and symmetrically grown during the summer preceding. The blossoms are pure, pearly white; the outside tinged with soft pink, the color of the buds when grown in full sunlight. It is no unusual sight to see a plant bearing a load of ripened fruit, supplemented by a succession of lovely pink buds and creamy blossoms of the most delicious fragrance. Procure a young plant in the spring, fresh from a reliable florist. Mine never acknowledged it had been transplanted. It was given the semishade position described above, showered twice a day, and scale never troubled it. Blossoms came speedily, and all through the winter it has had a place close to the glass in an east bay window, with daily showerings, and it continues as beautiful and thrifty as ever. A moist atmosphere is a necessity.—Vick's Magazine.

New York's Fire Department.

Every city in the United States shows local pride in its firemen. Each claims that its department is one of the best (if not the best) in the country. The rivalry between some of the cities is at times quite amusing, and there is much discussion upon the merits of their own firemen, but New York city undoubtedly occupies today the enviable position of having all things considered, the most thoroughly equipped and most efficient fire service in the world.

The apparatus is of the best. The horses, selected with care and judgment, are magnificent animals, and the men, picked from those thought to be best adapted for the work they must perform, are subjected to a most rigid physical examination before they are admitted to the service and afterward are trained in a school of instruction at fire headquarters that is complete in itself.—Charles Thaxter Hill in St. Nicholas.

COSTLY BELGIAN GUN BARRELS.

They Are Made by Hand and by a Complicated Process.

The United States consul in Liege describes, in a recent report, the manufacture of and trade in Damascus gun barrels, wholly handmade, in the valley of the Vesdre, in Liege province. These barrels are for sporting guns, and the industry is many years old, the workmen in the villages in the valley being almost all gun barrel makers and the trade descending from father to son.

The best barrels are a combination of the best primary substances, welded and forged by the martelage a froid process. The steel comes from Westphalia; the iron is manufactured at Couvin, in Belgium; the coal, which is specially suited for the work, from the Herve highlands, in Belgium, while the motive power of the factories is obtained from the river Vesdre. The industry has increased greatly in recent years. These armes de luxe, as they are called, are made by men working in pairs, each pair in its own little factory, quite independent of all others. They are paid by the piece, the wages being good, and about 2,000 men are engaged on the work in the valley. Medium quality barrels are made of coke iron and steel, while the superior quality, which are produced in the Vesdre valley, are made of charcoal iron and steel. An ingenious "marriage" of these metals gives a composition which, when manufactured, guarantees the required solidity and resistance.

The improvement in these damascus barrels dates from the introduction of precussion caps in place of the old flintlock. Formerly iron barrels alone were produced. Now, to manufacture the curled damascus, the ingot is composed of 30 sheets of iron and steel, each having a thickness of four millimeters, which are enveloped in a sheet iron box, placed in an oven and welded together at the lowest possible temperature. Each barrel receives 150 welding beats while being forged, and if a single one of these is unsuccessful the barrel may be a failure, either by alteration of the damascened work or an imperfection in the welding.

There is no official test of these armes de luxe, but they are thoroughly tested by the manufacturers before delivery. The annual production of damascus barrels in the Vesdre valley is about 300,000 pairs, of a value of about 5,500,000 francs. Of this the wages alone—for all the guns are handmade—amount to about 2,000,000 francs. The principal markets are Great Britain and the United States. About half the barrels made in the Vesdre valley are sold to manufacturers of arms in Liege to be mounted.—New York Times.

MRS. STUART'S MODELS.

She Says She Does Not Have to Live Among Them to Write of Them.

Ruth McEnery Stuart, the clever short story writer, in talking of her field from which she has drawn her characters, says: "You know Mr. Stuart owned two sugar plantations down in Arkansas then, and my models were right around me, for of course all his 'han's' felt they owned us.

"We didn't live on either of the plantations, but in the little town near by, and I can see all those darkies now, riding in on their mules, hitching them to the mulberry trees in our yard, sitting in rows upon our front steps, 'restin' and 'foolin roun generally.

"Some old 'aunty' would surely come walking in every morning with a battered tin pail on her arm, filled with perfectly worthless berries, gathered by the wayside, not to sell, but 'ter swap fur jes' a leetle flour, please, ma'am, an a pincher butter, honey, an a couple er lumps er sugar, please, ma'am, Mis' Stuart.'

"Then there was an old 'uncle' who used to sit silently fishing all day long in a shallow pool, with his underlip stuck out phenomenally far, even for a negro, who, when any one asked him, 'Say, uncle, what's that you've got in your mouth?' would reply laconically, 'Wums,' and shut his tongue down upon his imprisoned 'bait' again.

"Do I miss such 'material' up here? Not at all. I find that in looking back upon these old friends of mine their dusky figures stand out more and more clearly against the glow of tender reminiscence beside what types we have here at our door in Gotham."—New York Correspondent.

Tough Job For Small Men.

The occupation of a boiler inspector is one in which a man cannot grow fat without losing his job, and perhaps is a funny business in that respect. Each boiler inspected is drained of its contents, and then the inspector rigs himself for a dirty job and wriggles himself into the inside of it through the manhole. This aperture cannot well be made large enough to admit a large man, hence the smallest sized fellows have the monopoly of the business. But though that fact may be funny, the business itself, getting into dirty and stifling places and wriggling like a human worm into every hole and corner to know its real condition, is anything but fun. The most scrupulous care is required in these examinations, and as everything is out of sight, the insurance company have to depend wholly upon the trustworthiness of their men. Hence these get pay that makes amends for all they have to undergo, sufficient, indeed, to keep them from getting too big for their business!—Lewiston Journal.

Maryland.

Maryland long ago was known as the Old Line State, the reference being to the line drawn by Mason and Dixon along the northern boundary of Maryland and the southern limit of Pennsylvania, an effort having been made to consider this line the northern boundary of the slave territory.

None Too Cordial.

The Hostess—I suppose there is no use of asking you to stay to dinner?

The Caller—Not in that way.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

It Was Terminated by a Bullet In a Frontier Town.

It was in the early days of a town in southwestern Kansas. The deadly "45" was the most respected law of the place, and daily and nightly, in the half dozen saloons which the embryo city supported, were congregated as rough a set of men as could be found in any town of the size west of the Mississippi, spending their time in gambling and carousing.

Monarch of all the roughs was Ed Prather. He had eight notches in the handle of his trusty 45, signifying that by his hand eight human beings had been sent to their long home. Prather's bosom friend was Billy Wells. He, too, was a "bad man" in the western acceptance of the term. Damon and Pythias were not more fraternal than these two desperadoes. When one was seen, the other was always near. If one got into trouble, the other was always on hand to assist him.

The tragic end of this friendship came one summer morning. Prather had just successfully "stood off" a sheriff and his posse, and the crowd of roughs was congregated in his saloon, congratulating him, drinking to his health and celebrating the occasion by filling themselves up with what is known in western vernacular as "40 rod," preparatory to terrorizing the town. Suddenly Prather drew his revolver from the scabbard, and saying, "Boys, watch me put a hole through Billy's hat," fired.

There was a yell of agony, and Wells fell to the floor wounded to the death.

"My God, have I killed him?" were Prather's first words. Then, throwing down his revolver, he sprang to the side of the wounded man, just as the last quiver came over the prostrate form and the soul went to render its account.

For the first time in years a solitary tear coursed down over the hardened features of the man whose hands were newly stained with the blood of a fellow creature, but, ashamed of this momentary evidence of emotion, he hastily brushed away the tear, and turning to the bar called, "Drinks for the crowd." And the carousal went on.

Thus was one more chapter added to the history of frontier life.—Detroit Free Press.

AN INDIGNANT FISH.

One Burgall Deprived of Its Prey by the Reckless Interference of Another.

While the burgall, known also as the cunner, is not altogether a bottom feeding fish, still it feeds mostly on the bottom, taking whatever it can find there, nipping the head off a clam when it gets a chance, and not neglecting the worms of many kinds which find a home there.

There were two burgalls in a tank at the aquarium. One day a nereis showed its head above the sand and gravel on the bottom of the tank alongside a little pebble. The nereis is a marine worm that lives at the bottom. This particular nereis might have been three inches in length by an eighth of an inch in diameter. One of the burgalls saw it as soon as it lifted its head above the bottom, and he began to make for it at once, but not precipitately. In fact, he did not seem to notice the nereis at all. He just loafed about in the water, and it just happened apparently that his general movement carried him in that direction.

The nereis was probably looking for food. Gradually it raised its head until it was half an inch above the sand. The burgall, which had started a foot or more away, was then within six inches of it. Then the other burgall saw the nereis, and this burgall made a rush for it. There was nothing for the first one to do now but to make a rush for it too. The two burgalls met head on with their noses right over the pebble alongside which the nereis had raised its head, but the nereis had disappeared.

The force of the collision threw the first burgall off his balance. For a moment he lay in the water at an angle of 45 degrees, but he righted himself quickly and instantly started for burgall No. 2, and chased him round and round the tank and finally up into a corner, where he held him for a minute, and then he swam solemnly away, indignant no doubt that the reckless interference of the other had cost him the prey he had so carefully planned to take.—New York Sun.

Two Laymen Have Been Popes.

It may be well to remark that the canon law does not prescribe that the pope must be a cardinal, or even a cleric. Nevertheless since the election of Urban VI in 1378 the successful candidates have belonged to the members of the Sacred college, although as late as 1758 a noncardinal was voted for several times. At least two laymen—John XIX (1024) and Adrian V (1276)—have occupied the papal throne, and there is today nothing to prevent laymen from being created cardinals, although they are not entitled to vote in the conclave unless they can produce a special permit from the late pope. Up to the meeting of the conclave of 1823 Cardinal Albani had never taken orders, and there is still some doubt as to whether he did so then.—William R. Thayer in Century.

A Public Purifier.

"My friend," said the solemn man, "have you ever done ought to make the community in which you live the better for your living in it?"

"I have done much, sir," replied the other humbly, "to purify the homes of my fellow beings."

"Ah," continued the solemn man, with a pleased air, "you distribute tracts?"

"No. I clean carpets."—London Tit-Bits.

North Carolina in colonial days was called the "Old North Colony," and the name, with state instead of colony, has been retained to the present time. It has also been called Turpentine State.

In the private schools of China a teacher is paid about 1 cent a day for each pupil.

FLEET COLLIERS.

The Problem of Supplying Battleships With Coal In War Times.

A few years ago, to the astonishment of many people, Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour demonstrated the possibility, provided the conditions of weather and sea be not especially unfavorable, of coaling battleships in mid-Atlantic. Trouble, anxiety and a certain amount of risk are involved, but all these disadvantages might be notably lessened if instead of employing ordinary tramp colliers of small tonnage we built a class of "fleet colliers" specially designed for the service of the navy in war time, and if attached to them we maintained a corps of officers and men all specialists in the arts and mystery of coaling ships.

The features desirable in such a vessel are great coal carrying capacity, high speed, a well protected stern, a moderately heavy gun mounted as a stern chaser and all the latest and best appliances to facilitate rapid coaling from her. No navy as yet possesses a vessel of the sort. Her value and usefulness would, nevertheless, be enormous. For in most seas a greater proportion of moderate than rough weather is encountered. In many seas there are islands or rocks the lee afforded by which might be utilized for coaling purposes if only colliers happened to be upon the spot, and if it were a standing rule in any squadron to which "fleet colliers" were attached that ships should fill up with coal at every possible opportunity, even if at the moment they did not actually need it, the ability of our vessels to operate effectively at long distances from their regular bases would be enormously farthered.

As for the "fleet collier" herself, when cruising with a fleet she would have no difficulty in keeping up with it, and could therefore be protected by it, and when detached her speed—22 or 23 knots—would enable her to outstrip all but the very fastest of the enemy's cruisers. Her armored stern would shield her from the shells even of them, and her heavy stern chaser would enable her to return at least as good as might be sent after her by her foe. She might be built to carry 8,000 or 10,000 tons of coal in addition to supplies for herself. If opportunity offered, she might discharge her cargo at some temporary base and return home for more. She would be neither an impediment nor an anxiety to any fleet to which she might be attacked, but rather a source of comfort and security, and in the event of a fatal accident occurring to one of the other vessels in company she could receive the homeless crew, and even wait about in the vicinity of the catastrophe for a time without delaying her consorts for an instant. So many advantages, indeed, would result, especially in wartime, from the employment of vessels of this nature that it is astonishing that nothing of the kind has up to the present been constructed. It is not too much to say that the most serious preoccupation of the modern admiral during active operations is the question of coal supplies.—Nineteenth Century.

A Paradise For Criminals.

A correspondent, writing from Italy, gives some interesting details of the treatment of prisoners on various Italian islands he visited while on a trip in the Mediterranean. Each of these islands contains several hundred prisoners, who are locked up every night at sunset, released at daybreak, and locked up again from midday until 2 o'clock. During the night no prisoner is allowed to be absent under any circumstances, but at midday those who work on farms at a distance from the prison are allowed to remain out by special permission of the director.

During these free hours the prisoners can go anywhere they like on the island, and can engage in any work offered them by the townspeople or farmers. Any infraction of the rules of ordinary life around them or of their prison is punished by seclusion in special cells.

The government furnishes physicians and medicines, a summer and winter suit of clothes to each prisoner every year and allows him fivepence daily in money for his food and other necessaries of life. Danger of escape is prevented by a squad of soldiers—one to every ten criminals—and a swift sailing felucca, manned by marines. On account of the cheapness of labor, the islands are so highly cultivated as to resemble gardens.

The correspondent adds: "As for the prisoners, the open air makes them the healthiest of any criminals I have ever seen. There is no sign in their faces and bodies of that prison blight which strikes every visitor to ordinary jails."—London Tit-Bits.

Ingenious Wood Rats.

The wood rat of the western slopes of the Cascade range is a curious creature that loves to steal so well that it is known to many as the camp robber. It carries off anything it can lay its lips to, and is besides a jolly, reckless fellow. It does things which rodents are not given to doing.

Forest and Stream tells of some of its favorite spoils. It will take knives, forks and tin plates, cartridges, cups and anything it can handle in the line of clothing, towels or gun rags, which make soft linings for its nest. It is related how a pair of these rats staked out a claim on top of a hunter's camp stove and put up the most curious rat house anybody ever heard of. About 200 yards away was a railroad shanty, where the section men kept their supplies, and among other things was a keg of railroad spikes such as are used to fasten the rails to the ties. The rats took some spikes to their claim, built up an inner wall and lined the interior with soft stuff. It is a curious fact that all the points of the spikes were directed outward, and they were laid with great regularity and firmness.

The habits of the rat are a study for a naturalist, and it makes things so interesting for the natives that they kill it on sight.

Society Directory.

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County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

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The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

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Financial Secretary, James Regan.
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Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

Division 9.

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Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
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Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
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Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Conery.
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Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
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Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
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Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
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Aping Things American.

Human nature is imitative, and in all countries prone to ape customs and things foreign. An American writer in London declares that Americans are no more given to aping things English than are Englishmen to aping things American. This writer recently found a London swell strutting in one of the parks with an American corncob pipe in his mouth. It was soon all the rage, and the smoke of this cheap American article has probably gone up in many a fashionable club. One of these swells, being reminded that corncobs were smoked by common folks in America, replied satirically, "But, then, 'tis American, doncher know?" Smoking American cigarettes has also become a swell fad in England, and if one is fishing for a "Thanks, most awfully, my dear fellow," he has to but offer one to an English snob, with the supplementary remark, "What delicious 'baccy!" thrown in.—Boston Globe.

Has Some Idea of It.

"Can you grasp the idea of eternity?"

"Almost. I loaned a fellow $10 for three days and he's had it for seven years!"—Chicago Record.

No Time to Tie Shoes.

At one of the large thread factories, where some hundreds of girls are employed, a rule has been made that they shall wear only buttoned shoes. It was found that those who wore the other sort stopped their work a number of times each day to tie the laces that constantly came undone. In the case of one girl the minutes lost would not have been of any great consequence, but when it came to deducting the same amount of time for each of the 200 or 300 it was found that the daily loss was considerable.—New York Journal.

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Speakers will be Announced Next Week.

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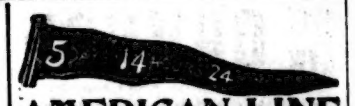

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